

Sam: Addison
4th Feb 1706
Am
to Bath. Oct
Love and Business
IN A
COLLECTION
OF
Occasionary V E R S E,
AND
Eipistolary P R O S E,
Not hitherto Publish'd.

A Discourse likewise upon **COMEDY**
in Reference to the *English* **STAGE.**
In a Familiar Letter. *Page 112*

By Mr. **GEORGE FARQUHAR.**

K
En Orenge il n'ya point d'oranges.

L O N D O N,
Printed for **B. Lintott**, at the Post-House, in
the *Middle Temple-Gate*, Fleetstreet, 1702.

There is now in the Press, and will speedily be Publish'd,
Memoirs of the Court of France, and City of Paris. In
Two Parts. Containing a Full and Impartial Account of
all the Remarkable Occurrences both Foreign and Domestick.
Printed for *J. Tonson, R. Wellington, G. Strahan, and*
B. Lintott.

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T O

Edmond Chaloner, Esq;

S I R,

AS it is the Business of Writing to transmit Vertue to Posterity, so 'tis the Policy of the Pen to make a Party for it's Productions, by engaging in their Cause some worthy Person universally Honour'd and Belov'd, whose admir'd and establish'd Character may add a Value to the Work, and take off all Impu-
tation

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tation of Flattery from the Author.

These Advantages I had design'd my self before, in a Piece of another Nature, had not your Modesty caution'd me the contrary; but I think it Injustice that one Part of your Character shou'd obscure the rest; and tho' I must despair of your Consent for what they call a Dedication, yet I must beg your Excuse, if at present I consult what shall turn most to my own Honour, and the Interest of my Book, before your Approbation and Allowance. But I hope you will come to pardon the Presumption, when I assure you, that my Intention is not so much a *Panegyrick* upon you, as to compliment my self, and my own
Mode-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Modesty, not yours, shou'd
take the Offence.

The great and vertuous Actions of Progenitors look with a twofold Aspect upon their Posterity; for when the Vices of the latter appear in the same Degree of Opposition with the Merits of the first, the Praise of the Father becomes a Satyr upon the Son; and that Coat of Arms which was the Glory of one, turns to a severe Libel upon the t'other. But when the Bloud runs in the same Channel of Virtue, as of Consanguinity; when the Course of the Stream is as pure and lucid as the Fountain-head; then may the Memory of the past, and the Practice of the present Age come boldly Face to Face, where, by a just Resemblance

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of Features, the Forefather may joyfully own his Legitimate Posterity.

This Advantage, Sir, is yours in Perfection, being sprung from an ancient and honourable Family, of which Merit laid the Foundation, and Vertue has cemented the Structure.

The known Bravery of your famous Ancestor Sir *Thomas Chaloner* added more Value to the Order, than he receiv'd by the *Knighthood*, not meanly dubb'd by a Court-Favourite, but on the Field of Battel, where the Voice of War declar'd him Noble, before the General made him a *Banneret*. Add to this, the Politick and Prudent Discharge of his honourable Embassy from *Queen Elizabeth* to the *King of Spain*,
and

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and it will evidently appear how *Minerva* had an equal share with *Mars* in his Education ; and that his Character left us by a Great Statesmen, and his intimate Friend, the illustrious *Cicil*, was just to his Merit.

-----*Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus*
Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonerò junctæ fuere.

This Encomium, Sir, is lineally descended to his Posterity, but with all its Circumstances appears most visibly intail'd upon you. In Vindication of which I shall only appeal to the Judgment of Mankind, and the Actions of your Life ; and tho' your Modesty may quarrel with the World for doing you Justice, yet you cannot give your own Behaviour the Lye----- Sir, there is not

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a Day of your Life but will rise up against you, and produce in legible Characters the constant Actions of your Piety, your Generosity, your Loyalty, Honour and Integrity, to convince you of your Merit whether you will or not.

So that you must give me leave to apply the Great *Burleigh's* Versification to the present Opportunity, with the Alteration only of a Word:

-----*Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus*
Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonerò junctæ supersunt.

Another part of your great Ancestour's Character I remember is thus describ'd by *Mr. Malim*-----*Nam quamvis πολυίως*
ac variæ lectionis fuerat Chalonerus,
utilitatem tamen potius veræ, quam
ostentationem variæ Eruditionis mihi
que-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

questivisse videtur. These Colours, Sir, present you with your own Picture drawn to the Life; your Application to Books is qualify'd by an universal Knowledge in Mankind, and your Acquisitions by Study are as far remov'd from Pedantry, as your Experience in the World from the Foppery of a Traveller. The Qualifications of Foreign Countries are so naturaliz'd in you, that they seem rather a genuine Transmigration from your Ancestours, than the Effects of your own Industry; and the Temperance of your Life, with the modesty of your Conversation, makes not to inform us that you have seen so much, but may convince the World that you have chosen the best.

But

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But we need not have Recourse to *France* or *Italy* for your Improvements ; your Alliance and daily Conversation with so many of the most noble Families in *England* is sufficient to authorise your Merit, and finish your Character, being equally related to their Bloud, and their Vertues.

And now, Sir, I come about to my first Position, inferring from this a Compliment upon my self ; I have the Honour sometimes of sharing some few Hours of that Conversation, which is so much courted by my Superiours , and consequentially do plume my Vanity in this Occasion of acquainting the World with my Happiness.

From

The Epistle Dedicatory.

From the mentioning of the Honourable Sir *Thomas Chaloner*, I deduce this Advantage, That I make the most Courtly Address imaginable to Poetry, by informing the World, in Defence of that Art so much vilify'd by some, that this great Statesmen and Souldier, the trustiest Minister to the greatest of Queens, and the intimate Friend to the wisest of Politicians, was at the same time one of the greatest Poets that ever *England* produc'd. His ten Books *de Republica Anglorum instauranda* are sufficient Proofs that the Qualifications of *Virgil* are consistent with those of *Cato*, and that a poetical Genius has accompany'd the greatest Abilities both in Court and Camp.

Thus

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Thus, Sir, you see that I have avoided the current Form of Pieces in this Nature, not loading the Modesty of my Patron, but heightning the Vanity of the Author; and by commending you, I have flatter'd my self.

As the Form is new, pray Sir, let me entreat you to believe the Design of it Novel, it being only sent in the Capacity and Character of a familiar Letter, and therefore refuses to be receiv'd with the usual Formalities of a Mercenary Dedication. I am,

S I R,

Your most faithful, and

most Humble Servant,

G. Farquhar.

TO THE
READER.

SIR,

IN this Collection of Letters, 'tis but reasonable that you shou'd have one among the rest; and tho' I may want the Honour of your Acquaintance, yet be assur'd, there is no Person in the World more willing to oblige you at present than your Humble Servant. I have heard such a Character of your Honour, your Wit, your Judgment, your Learning, and your Candour, that I'm in a perfect Rapture to think how happy I shall be in your Hands.

It was a good ancient Custom with our Forefathers, to begin their Prefaces with Kind Reader; I wou'd have reviv'd that Fashion with all my Heart, and call'd you Courteous or Gentle Reader, as you very well deserve; but I thought the Stile a little
too

The PREFACE.

too obsolete for a Book that I design shou'd be a Beau. For you must understand, Sir, that this Gentleman is Span new from Top to Toe, talks of every thing but Religion, admires Himself very much, and his greatest Ambition is, to please the Ladies. But to finish his Character, he is perfectly civil to every Body he meets, and with a more particular and profound Respect do's he run to kiss your Hands. He's none of those Bully-books that come bluff into the World, with Damme, Reader, you're a Blockhead if you don't commend me No, no, Sir----- If you like him, why you have all the Sense that he thought you had----If you dislike him, you have more Sense than he was aware of, that's all.

Besides all this, he has more Manners than to come among Gentlemen with his Tailour's Bill in his Hand, and to entertain the Company with a long Preface or Inventory of his Equipments; as, such a thing cost so much, and such a thing is worth so much, the Work of such a part is excellent, the Fashion from Paris, and the Taylour a Frenchman; you must pardon him for that, Sir, if you like the Suit, taking it all together; approve his Fancy, and allow it becomes him, he's your very humble Servant.

More-

The PREFACE.

Moreover, Sir, I wou'd have you to know, that this Gentleman is of some Circumstance and Condition, and has not been ingag'd in the Shifts that some late Sparks are put to for their Habiliments, who ferret all the Wit-brokers in Town, taking up from several Places, and strut in a Second-hand Finery, patch'd up of the Scraps and Remnants of the eminent Men of the Age. For I must tell you, Sir, tho' his Cloaths be but plain, yet they are his own, taken up handsomly at one Place, where he may have Credit for as much more, when these are worn out.

And now, Dear Sir, let me intreat you to receive him with the usual Forms of Civility; if you be a Courtier, you will show your Breeding, receive him with a sincere Smile, swear to do him all the Service you can, and you will certainly keep your Word----- as you us'd to do. From the City he expects a more than ordinary Reception, because he is become one of their Honourable Society, he is bound to Mr. Lintott, and ten to one may serve Seven Years in his Shop, if the Town don't club to purchase his Freedom; he expects good Quarter from the Wits, and Criticks, because he sets up for neither; besides, he has scatter'd some little Nonsense here and there, that they might not be disappointed of their Prey. But his greatest
Concenn

The PREFACE.

Concern is for his Entertainment with the Ladies, resolv'd however not to complain, thinking it a greater Honour to fall a Sacrifice to the Resentment of the fair, than to live by the Approbation of Men. Tho' he has some Grounds for a more moderate Fate at their Hands, because a great Part of the Work was first design'd for one of that Sex, without any farther Consideration of pleasing the World; and the Beauties of the Book, if there be any, was brought from a Ladies Cabinet to the Press; and if it can but from the Press get back again into the Ladies Closets, there may it rest, and Peace be with it.

Now, Sir, as we met good Friends, pray let us part so; I hate quarrelling mortally, and especially with a Person of your present Character and Condition; and as you like my Epistolary Stile, we shall settle a farther Correspondence.

Advertisement.

In the Discourse upon Comedy, I must beg the Readers Excuse for omitting to mention a certain Fragment of Poetry, Written by Aristotle. I thank Scaliger for his timely Discovery, but shou'd be much more obliged to any body that cou'd shew me the Piece.

*On the Death of General Schomberg kill'd
at the Boyn.*

A Pindarick.

(1.)

What dismal Damp has overspread the War?
The Victor grieves more than the Con-
quer'd fears ;

The Streams of Blood are lost in Floods of Tears,
And *Victory* with drooping Wings comes flagging
from afar.

(2.)

The *Brittish* Lyon roars
Along the fatal Shores ;
The *Hibernian* Harp in mournful Strains,
Mixt with the *Eccho* of the Floud, complains.
Round whose reflecting Banks the grieving Voice,
Shakes with a trembling Noise,

B

As

(2)

As if afraid to tell
How the great, Martial, Godlike *Schomberg* fell.

(3.)

Gods! How he stood,
All terrible in Bloud.

Stopping the Torrent of his Foes, and Current of
the Floud.

He, *Moses* like, with Sword, instead of Wand,
This redder Sea of Gore cou'd strait command;
But not like *Moses*, to secure his Flight,
But spight of Waves and Tides to meet, and fight.

(4.)

The labouring Guns oppos'd his Passage o're
With Throws tormented on the Shore,
Of which delivered, they start back, and roar,
As frightened at the Monster which they bore.
The furious Offspring swath'd in curling Smoak,
And wrapt in Bands of Fire,
Hot with it's Parent's sulphurous Ire,
And wing'd with Death, flies hissing to the Stroak.

Like

(3)

(5.)

Like some great rugged *Tower*,
The Ancient Seat of Power,
Bending with Age it's venerable Halls,
With old and craggy Wrinkles on its Walls,
The Neighbours Terrour whilst it stands, and Ruin
when it falls.

Thus mighty *Schomberg* fell——
Spreading wide Ruines o're the Ground,
With Desolation all around,
Crushing with destructive Weight
The Foes that undermin'd his Seat ;
Whilst *Victory*, that always sped,
With towring Pinions o're his Army's Head,
Making his Banner still her Lure,
Like *Marins's* Vultures, to make Conquest fure ;
Seeing the spacious Downfal so bemoan'd,
Perch'd on the Ruines, clapt her Wings, and groan'd.

(6.)

Thus * *Israel's* Heroe 'twixt the Pillars sat,
The *Ne plus Ultra* of his Fate

* *Sampson*

B 2

These

These *Columns* which upheld his Name,

Much longer by their Fall,

Than those erected strong and tall,

The standing Limits of *Alcides's* Fame.

He sat depriv'd of Sight,

Like a black rowling Cloud involv'd in Night.

Conceiving *Thunder* in it's swelling Womb,

Big with surprising Fate, and rushing Doom:

No Flash the sudden Bolt must here disclose;

The Lightning of his Eyes extinguish'd by his Foes.

His Foes, industrious in their juggling Fate,

Him slavishly enchain'd we see,

To what must set him free,

And them his cheated Keepers captivate.

He shook his Chains with such a Noise,

The trembling Rout,

Amidst their Joys,

Gaz'd all about,

And heard the real *Sampson* in the Voice :

They saw him too, 'twas *Sampson* all,

Who

Who by his thundring Fall
 Gave the loud dread Alarm,
 Dragging a Train of Vengeance by each Gyant Arm.
 Their chilling fears did such amazement Frame,
 They seem'd all stiff and dead before the Ruin came,
 The Ruine ! only such unto his Foes ;
 From thence his glorious Monument arose ;
 But *Time's* corroding Teeth in spight of Stone
 Has eat thro' all, and even the very Ruine's gone :
 But *Schomberg's* Monument shall ne'er decay,

The gliding *Boyn*

Time never can disjoyn,
 Nor on it's Flouds impose his Laws ;
 They slide, untoucht, from his devouring Jaws,
 And always running, yet must ever stay.

Hark ! how the *Trumpets* hollow Clangours sound,
 The Army has receiv'd an universal Wound ;

The Death of *Schomberg* hung

On every faultring Tongue,

While

Whilst pallid Grief did place
A sympathizing Death in every Soldiers Face.

But hold, ye mighty Chiefs,
Suspend your needless Griefs,
And let victorious Joy your Arms adorn ;
The mighty Warriour's Ghost

Upon the Stygian Coast

Your Sorrows, more than his own Fate, do's mourn,

He scorns to be lamented so,
Moving in stately *Triumph* to the Shades below.

Behold the Sprites that lately felt the Blow
Of his commanding warlike Arm,

They shivering all start wide, and even more fleet-
ing grow

As if the powerful Hand
That cou'd their Grosses Shapes alive command,
Had Power to dissolve their Airy Form.

(8.)

Then let not funeral Plaints his Trophies wrong ;
Let Spoils and Pageants march his Hearse along,
And shout his *Conclamatum* in Triumphal Song.

All baleful *Cypress* must be here deny'd,
 But *Lawrel Wreaths* fix in their blooming *Pride* }
 For as he conquer'd living, so he conquering dy'd.

*Written on Orinda's Poem's, lent to a
 Lady, in imitation of Ovid.*

ME *Damon* sends his amorous Cause to plead,
Orinda must for *Damon* intercede:
 Me has he chose to move your angry Mind,
 Me the soft Favourite of the Softer Kind.
 Me has he chose your rigorous Breast to move,
 He knows my Force in Poetry and Love.
 Me has he chose to tell his anxious Pain;
 Read me, and read the Passion of the Swain,
 Whatever Power of Love my Lines can show,
 It falls far short of what he feels for you.
 Where're *Orinda* melts in moving Strains,
 Think, *Celia* think, that *Damon* thus complains:

Whene're I grieve, think *Damon* grieves for you;
 Pity the Swain that do's so 'humbly sue :
 This *Damon* begs, *Orinda* begs it too.

*To the Ingenious Lady, Author of the Fatal
 Friendship, design'd for a Recommenda-
 tory Copy to her Play.*

Let others call the sacred Nine to Aid,
 Their moving Thoughts, in moving Num-
 bers laid,
 Invoke the fiery *God* with all the Throng
 That ancient Bards implore to guide their Song ;
 Whilst I for nobler Inspiration sue,
 Scorning their weaker Helps, invoking You.
 You, who alone have Power our Thoughts to raise,
 And wing our Fancy to attempt your Praise.
 Nought but your charming Beauty can dispense
 A Flame sufficient to describe your Sense.
 Whilst so much Beauty in your Form is shown,
 No Pen on Earth can reach it, but your own

Go on then *Daphne*, *Phæbus* will pursue,
 His chaster Fires are all enjoy'd by you;
 You are his fairer Nymph, you bear his Lawrel too.

Go on, thou Champion for thy Sex design'd,
 And prove, the Muses are of Female kind;
 Let Distant Nations *English* Beauties prize,
 As much for Charms of Wit, as Power of Eyes:
 Your moving Scenes the ravish'd Audience drew,
 Raptures we felt, as when your Eyes we view;
 Such Arts were us'd to mix our Hopes and Fears,
 You made Grief pleasing, and we smil'd in Tears.
 Thus Lovers view a Mistresses Disdain,
 And love to look, tho' fure to look in Pain.

Th' effects of labour'd Art your Work reveals,
 Yet a superiour Art, that Art conceals.
 Here Nature gains, tho' naked, thus display'd,
 Like Beauty most adorn'd, when least array'd.
 Go on then, doubly arm'd, to conquer Men;
Phæbus his Harp and Bow, you boast your Eyes and
 Pen

All to the first without Reluctance yield,
But your victorious Pen has forc'd the Field.

*An Epigram, on the Riding-House in Dublin,
made into a Chappel.*

A Chappel of the Riding-House is made ;
We thus once more see *Christ* in Manger
laid,
Where still we find the Jocky Trade supply'd ;
The *Laymen* bridled, and the *Clergy* ride.

*To a Lady, being detain'd from visiting her
by a Storm.*

SO poor *Leander* view'd the *Sestian* Shore,
Whilst Winds and Waves oppos'd his Pas-
sage o're ;

More

More moist with Tears, because by Flouds restrain'd,
 Than, in these Flouds had he his Wish obtain'd ; }
 So drown'd, yet burnt within, upon the Banks he
 lean'd ;

Lean'd begging Calms, and as he begging lay,
 Implor'd with Sighs the Winds, with Tears the Sea.
 One would have thought by all these Mixtures sent,
 To raise a second greater Storm he meant.
 Just so whilst kept from you by Storms, I weep ;
 The Winds my Sighs, my Tears augment the Deep ;
 With flowing Eyes I view the distant side,
 The space that parts us doth my self divide.
 Here's only left the poor external Part,
 Whilst you, where're you move, possess my Heart,
 Depriv'd of Love, and your blest sight, I dye,
 Whilst you the first, and Storms the last deny.

The Lovers Night.

THE Nights black Curtain o're the World
was spread,

And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead,

A deep and awful Silence void of Light,

With dusky Wings sat brooding o're the Night,

The rowling Orbs mov'd flow from East to West,

With Harmony that lull'd the World to rest.

The Moon withdrawn, the Oozy Flouds lay dead,

The very Influence of the Moon was fled ;

Some twinkling Stars, that thro' the Clouds did
peep,

Seeming to wink as if they wanted Sleep,

All

All Nature hush'd, as when dissolv'd and lay'd
 In silent Chaos e're the World was made ;
 Only the beating of the Lover's Breast
 Made Noise enough to keep his Eyes from Rest ;
 His little World, not like the greater, lay
 In loudest Tumults of disorder'd Day ;
 His Sun of Beauty shone, to light his Breast
 With all its various Toils and Labours prest ;
 The Sea of Passions in his working Soul,
 Rais'd by the Tempests of his Sighs did rowl
 In towring Flouds, to overwhelm the whole,
 Those Tyrants of the Mind, vain Hope and Fear,
 That still by turns usurp an Empire there,
 Now raising Man on high, then plunging in De-
 spair.

Thus *Damon* lies, his Grief no Rest affords,
 Till swelling full, it thus burst out in Words.
 Oh ! I cou'd curse all Womankind, but one,
 And yet my Griefs proceed from her alone.
 Was not our Paradise by Woman lost ?
 But in this Woman still we find it most:

Hell's greatest Curse a Woman if unkind,
 Yet Heaven's great Blessing, if she loves, we find.
 Oh! if she lov'd, no God the Bliss cou'd tell,
 She wou'd be Heaven it self, were she not so much
 Hell.

Thus our chief Joys with most Allays are curst,
 And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.
 But Heaven is just ; our selves the Idols fram'd,
 And are for such vain Worship justly damn'd.
 Thus the poor Lover argued with his Fate ;
Emilia's Charms now did his Love create ;
 That Love repuls'd, now prompted him to hate. }
 Sometimes his Arms wou'd cross his Bosom rest,
 Hugging her lovely Image printed on his Breast,
 Where flattering Painter Fancy shew'd his Art,
 In charming Draughts, his Pencil *Cupid's* Dart.
 The Shadow drawn so lively did appear,
 As made him think the real Substance there.
 Then was he blest, all Rapture, stunn'd with Joy,
 Excess of Pleasure did his Bliss destroy ;

He

He thought her naked, soft, and yeilding waste
 Within his pressing Arms lay folded fast ;
 Nay, by the Gods, she really there was plac'd ;
 Else how cou'd Pleasure to such Raptures flow ?
 Th' Effect was real----Then, the Cause was so.
 What more can most substantial Pleasures boast
 Than Joy when present, Memory when past ?
 Then, Bliss is real which the Fancy frames,
 Or these call'd real Joys are only Dreams.

*The Brill, August the 10th. 1700.
New Stile.*

Dear Sam,

TO give you a short *Journal* of my short Voyage, on *Wensday* I got to *Harwich* about Four in the Afternoon, and alighted at one of the cleanest, best-furnish'd *Inns* in the Kingdom. My Warrant for the Packet-Boot coast me *Half a Piece*, and to the Officers for not executing their Duty *Half a Crown*. This Place, like most Sea-Ports, we found extravagantly dear; but to ease that inconvenience, we were advis'd to get aboar'd by Eleven at Night; here I met a Gentleman, whose Company I was very happy in, tho' extreamly concern'd for the occasion of his Voyage, which was an Express to the King, of the Duke of *Glocester's* Death. This was the first News I had of this publick Loss, which I had not much time to reflect upon, being so nearly touch'd on the Score of my Private Concern by a violent Storm that immediately came upon us; you may guess at our Circumstances, when I assure you, that our greatest Comfort was the Lightning that show'd the Seamen their Business, which otherwise they must have grop'd for; all Intercourse of Speech being

being broken off by the loudness of the Thunder: We had such warm Work, that I sometimes allow'd it a Just Thought, that Satan shou'd be intitled *Prince of the Air*; and again, why the Devil shou'd command the Artillery of Heaven, I cou'd not so well comprehend. I supported my self with the Thought, that Providence had no design upon me, but that this Tumult of the Elements was their manner of expressing their Grief for the Loss of his *Highness*; or that they were angry at Mr. L---r for bringing such unwelcome News into their Dominions, and for making a Property of them to spread it abroad. By this kind of Poetical Philosophy I bore up pretty well under my Apprehensions, tho' never worse prepar'd for Death, I must confess; for I think I never had so much Money about me at a time; we had some Ladies aboard, that were so extreamly Sick, that they often wished for Death, but were damnably afraid of being drown'd; but, as the Scripture says, *Sorrow may last for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning*. The Weather clear'd up with the Day, the Wind turn'd Westerly, and in a few Hours, I was going to say, we saw *England* out of
C Sight;

Sight ; all *Thursday* we had a fresh Gale, and cold Chickens ; our Wine went about at a strange rate, for our Stomachs ebb'd and flow'd like the Element. On *Friday* Morning we made the Coast of *Holland*, a stiff Gale, and the Sea runs high. I was mightily pleas'd to view the Continent, you may be sure ; but as I stood upon the *Poop* perusing its first appearance with my *Perspective*, I had such a Rebuke for my Curiosity, by a great Sea, that took us *Fore and Aft*, that I was season'd for a Dutch-man immediately. Whether this be a Compliment of Salutation usually paid to Strangers, or that the Batavian Out-Guards took me for a Spy upon their Frontiers, I shall leave the Skipper to determine. In short, by working of a Staunch Ship, and the influence of a Staunch Proverb in favour of the *Old Bayly Bar*, we got over the Bar at the *Maese* ; and the Dutch Wave has clear'd my Eye-sight of an Errour that we *Brittains* are very fond of, that the *Thames* is the finest River in the Universe ; for I can assure you, *Sam*, that the *Rhine* is as much beyond it, as a *Pair of Oars* before a *Sculler*, let all the *Tritons* between *Chelsea* and *Richmond* Argue never so loud to the contrary ; tho' in

one

one sort of *Traffick* upon that part of the *Thames* we exceed the whole World, both for the Quantity and Cheapness of the Commodity ; and I believe the Storehouse for this kind of *Staple*, including the *Playhouse* and the *Rose*, may contend with most *Marts* in *Europe*.

This Day at Eleven we landed at the *Brill*, and here I have a small Taste of this *Republick*, that makes such a noise in the World---My Fancy in respect of Expectation has generally been so fruitful, that the dearest Part of my Hopes have frequently ended in Disappointments ; and I have seldom found things come up to answer the *Idea* that I have usually fram'd of their Excellence ; but here I must confess the Reality exceeds the Shadow, and I am pleas'd once in my Life to find a thing that can afford me substantial Pleasure in the Enjoyment. I have read much of this Place, fancy'd more, yet all falls short of what I see.

At my first Entrance into this Town, I made one Discovery, which I beleive has hitherto escap'd most Travellers, *viz.* That the Dutch are the greatest *Beaux* in the World, only with this difference from the Gentlemen at *White's*, that their Finery is much more noble, and substan-

tial ; I never knew the fairest, finest, full-bottom Wig, most nicely fixt on the most beautiful Block in the Side-Box, look half so genteel as a Dutch Canal with a stately row of flourishing Trees on each side, and some twenty beautiful Bridges laid a cross it, within sixty or seventy Paces one of another : I never knew a Valet and a Barber with Rasors, Twizzers, Perfumes, and Washes, work half so hard upon a Gentleman's Face, that design'd a Conquest on a Birth-Night, as I have seen a lusty Dutch Woman with a Mop and warm Water scrub the Marbles and Tyles before the Door, till she has scour'd them brighter than any Fops Complexion in the Universe. No first Rate Beau with us, drawn by his Six before and Six behind, lolling luxuriously in his Coach, appears half so Gallant, as a jolly Skipper at the Stern of his Barge, with a fur'd Cap like Rays about his Head, the Helm in his Hand, and his Pipe in his Mouth, with Liberty seated in one *Whisker*, and Property on t'other ; and in this Splendour making the *Tour* of half a Dozen fine Cities in a Day, without either Quin of the Spleen, or Twinge of the Gout. Such a Person I take for a Beau of the first Magnitude, who scorn-

ing

ing to be lugg'd by Beasts as Fellows are to *Tyburn*, can harness the Winds and Waves for his Equipage, and improving on the Works of Providence, makes the universal Elements, (Air and Water) submit to his private Composition of Advantage and Diversion, to see the Wind work in his Sails, and play with his Pendants, must certainly afford more substantial and pure Satisfaction, than the Whinnee of a Horse, or the Crack of a Coach-whip.

In short, dear *Sam*, I am not so bigotted to Domestick Customs, as not to approve what is admirable here; and you must Pardon me that I have thrown up the Prejudice of Nativity with my Beef and Pudding as I came over; and 'tis no small part of my present Wonder, why we should call the Dutch a slovenly sort of People, since to the Eye, which must determine that Circumstance, they are much more gaudy than that Nation we so mimic and admire; and with this Advantage that they are gay without Levity, and fine beyond Foppery. Why we shou'd mention the *Dutch* with Contempt, and the *French* with Admiration, is a severe Satyr upon the *English* Judgment, when the Bravery of the former attract the

Admiration of Men, and the Pageantry of the latter draw only the Eyes of Women ; But our *English* Ladies are so very fine, that we are very willing to please them, and thus are drawn into this unreasonable Prejudice ; but we ought to take Care, that by being thus particular Slaves to our respective *Mistresses*, we ben't drawn at last into universal Bondage to a *Master*. The *French* have taken no small Pains of late Years to render themselves agreeable ; they treat us like a *Mistress*, do every thing that they fancy will please us, till they bring us at last to act whatsoever shall please them ; but this is no News, and I think it a little improper to tell you an English Story from a Place where you may expect some Foreign Entertainment. I have no more to say at present, but that I am just going for *Rotterdam*, and departing from a *Scotch* House here, where nothing of that Country is to be found but the Landlord ; for the Rooms are a Paradise for Cleanliness, but the Host is a Rogue for his Reckoning. I have got such a heap of Silver out of a *Pistol*, as upon a handsome Counter might give Credit to a Banker ; and I can assure you that while I have a Brother to that *Pistol* left, you shall not see

Your Freind and Servant.

Leyden, October the 15th. 1700.

Dear Sam,

THe usual Excuse of Gentlemen abroad for neglecting their Friends at home, is, that new Setts of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Idea's of our Old Acquaintance is by degrees worn out by the Accession of the New: But this kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will choose to maintain, and leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuse for my Silence: The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sicknes, which had almost sent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at present; but now being pretty well recover'd, I can only inform you in general, that every day surprises me with some agreeable Object or other; and I find very much to my wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Countrey are very different from the Observations that may be made upon the Place. Some

general Remarks there are undisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the Dutch Industry but the Luxury of *England*; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, wou'd victual the whole *United Provinces* very plentifully at their wholesome Course of Diet; that the Standing-Army maintain'd by the *Dutch* for their Security against a Foreign Force, are not half so expensive, as the fifty thousand Lawyers kept up by our civil Factions in *England*, for no other use but to set us continually by the Ears; People, like the Jews, that are tolerated in all Governments for the Interest of the Publick, while their main Drift is to enrich themselves; and who by their Gettings and Cunning have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Question only, Whether the thing be Lawful; and, upon Application to the Statutes, the Controversy is immediately determin'd. But our Casuists at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the meaning of Words that shou'd determine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended

tended for by the Parties; and the bulk of our Laws have loaded Justice so heavily, that 'tis become a Burthen to the People, who in regard of their Sufferings in this kind shou'd borrow an Appellation from Physick, and be call'd *Patients* rather than *Clients*.

Another thing worth Consideration in respect of the Laws in *Holland*, is this; None but honest Men make Estates by their Practice; for the siding with the wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a severe Reprehension, either of Ignorance in his Business, or Knavery to the People: Hence it comes to pass, that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is forc'd to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Assertor blush; where the Eloquence of *S---re*, and the Impudence of *S---n* are plausible Pretences for patronising Injustice, and abusing the Client: But there are Bravo's in all parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel, *Sam.* I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholick Church with any part in *Europe*, because 'tis more universal in its Religion, than any Countrey in the Universe. 'Tis a pleasant thing to see Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians and Greeks, swarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at; and they never Jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great Cause of this so amicable a Correspondence and Agreement, is, that only the Layety of these Professions compose the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Priestcraft to sow the Composition; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibras's* Ecclesiastick Drums, that are continually beating up for Volunteers to the alarming of the whole Nation. Here is no Interest of Sects to be manag'd under the Cloak of gaining Profelytes to the Truth; nor strengthening of Parties, by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and Mufti, Levite,

Levite, Pope, and Presbiter, are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

'Tis a strange thing, *Sam*, that among us People can't agree the whole Week, because they go different Ways upon *Sundays* : This is to make the Lord's Day a Sower of Dissention, and Religion, (which is call'd the Bond of Peace) to be the Brand of Discord and Combustion : But we have some Preachers that think themselves inspir'd with the Spirit, when they are really possess'd by the Devil; the Fervency of whose Zeal dismisses Congregations with Heats and Heart-burnings of Spirit, and blows up the Coals on the Altar to set their Neighbours Houses on Fire ; the Efficacy of the Pulpit is sufficiently shown in the Practice of the Congregations. No People in the World are so full of National Principles of Faith, and to what purpose the following Instance shall shew you. Two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, one a Devout Hearer at *Common-Garden-Church*, and the t'other a violent Zealot for Doctor *Burges's* Meeting, met one Evening at *Tom's Coffee-house*, and wou'd adjourn to the *Fleece-Tavern*, to discourse upon some Point of Doctrine manag'd that *Sunday* by their
respective

respective Ministers. The Drawer brought
 in a Bottle of New French, and the Di-
 senter introduc'd Predestination: After
 two or three hearty Glasses, the Dispute
 grew pretty warm, and the Quotation of
 the Fathers and the Texts of Scripture
 made such a Noise, that two Wenches
 that usually ply upon those Stairs, o-
 verhearing the bustle, took them for a
 couple of Levites, and so made account
 to bolt in, and sell their Mackerell.
 The fervency of the Argument was pre-
 sently abated upon the appearance of the
 Ladies, and a Topick of a more Familiar
 Nature assum'd; till both being pretty
 well convinc'd of their Opponent's Fire
 and Fancy, the Whores were dismiss'd,
 and Predestination reassum'd; the Argu-
 ment grew warmer, as the Disputants
 grew fuddled: In short they disputed them-
 selves stark drunk, drew their Swords to
 decide the Controversy; and, had not
 Mr. Fern come in, 'twas great odds that
 Predestination had sent one to the Devil,
 and t'other to the Gallows. But they
 parted Friends at last, and said on to t'o-
 ther, *I'm sorry at my Heart, dear Friend,*
that you wont go to Heaven my Way. And
 so away he reel'd to a Bawdy-house.
 Now the Moral of the Fable is this: If
 the

the Divines, instead of their Speculative Theology, had preach'd that Day a thundering Sermon against Drunkenness and Fornication, 'tis probable that the *Faith* of these Gentlemen had been ne'er the less fortify'd, and their *Good Works* much more improv'd.

But I beg your Pardon for this Digression ; I was going to say that, excepting a few general Remarks, some of which I have mention'd, the Accounts we have of this People are very lame, and sometimes exactly opposit to the Truth. I shall mention one or two Particulars that I found very obvious.

We have a Notion in *England*, that the Dutch are very great Drunkards ; whether this Aspersion arise from some People's confounding the *High Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Miens and Complexions, I can't determine ; but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false, as shou'd I aver, that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a topping Glass of Brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the Moisture and Coldness of their Constitution, and us'd in such quantity by the
meaner

fort only, who living continually in the Water; must require an allowance to fortify themselves against the Chillness of their Habitations; for you must know, that whole Families, Men, Women, and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on Dry-land than a *Thames*-Salmon; but notwithstanding this incumbent necessity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have seen since I came into this Countrey but one *Dutch*-man drunk; and altho his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in his Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People, to the number of sixty Persons, shew'd the greatest aversion imaginable to his Circumstances, except two or three Jolly English Men that made very good sport with his Humour; and had not we, with some French Gentlemen, protected his Carcass, his Conntrymen wou'd have sous'd him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferiour sort requires an exhilarating Glas, so the same Necessity both as to Time and Charge secures them from Excess: And for the Gentry, they are indeed sociable in their own Houses; but were it not for Strangers

gers, all Places of Publick Entertainment must consequently fall ; which is the greatest Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People ; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with Seven or Eight handsom Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomly seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a Noble Argument of the Riches of *England* ; but whether our Luxury sprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of *Holland* the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a question that I want leisure now to determine.

Another Account we have very current among us, That there are no Beggars in *Holland* ; That they are very careful in employing their Poor, and that their Manufactures require a great many Hands is most certain, but Ocular Demonstration is too strong a Proof against all their Industry ; and I'm apt to believe, that the Order of Mendicants is of a very late Institution, else so visible a Falsity cou'd never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars

Wars have ruin'd more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the Neighbour *Netherlands*, have by degrees infected the meaner sort, I shan't be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-dispos'd Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Incouragement to Beggars; which is the Reason (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the High-ways and *Track-scouts*, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From these, and some other such like Particulars, I found it matter of some Speculation, how the generality of the *English* Nation being so near Neighbours to this State, should be so very short in their Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People, but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Most of our English that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to Travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns.

'Tis

'Tis the usual Way with the first of these to take *Holland En Passant*, either going or coming; and being youthful Sparks, are so fond of the Finery at *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place. *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* is only their Inn upon the Road; they lye for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* manner of Travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a parcel of heavy, dull, unconversable Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of old *England* than this peremptory Declaration; I wou'd willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they don't stay to make one Acquaintance in the Countrey, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of French Governours, who however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *Moy Meme*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education,

tion, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dress, and Behaviour of their own Nation; and tho' perfectly skill'd perhaps in the Accomplishments that compose what we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an Englishman in respect of the Interest of his Country, and of these I take the Dutch Language to be none of the most trivial. For at the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of *Europe*, that we shou'd be well with these People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity shou'd be link't with private Friendships and Correspondence, as by publick Leagues and Alliances. An Instance of which is very visible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retain'd by that Court, not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but which is extensive also to matters of more wieghty Consquence, including even our Councils, Laws, and Government.

The second sort of People that make a turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculation is limited by a few

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Par-

Particulars ; their Affairs not extending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People ; they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Incouragement of Trade, the Prices and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange. Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Board-side, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident ; so that all the Account we must expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in General, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already thro' the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Incouragements of Trade so universally known and admir'd, as the advantageous Situation of their Countrey, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the lowness of their Imposts, &c. yet by an odd accident I came to understand one Policy in their Trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The matter was thus in all its Circumstances.

One Day upon the *Exchange* at *Rotterdam* I casually met a Gentleman, who some time ago liv'd one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about some four Years since by great Losses at Sea was forc'd to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in mind of his Misfortunes by a Favour he once confer'd upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue at Launching of a new Ship that he had built in *Dublin*, which Vessel, (Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage. The Gentleman seem'd very sensible of his Misfortunes, but withal told me, That he still had a Glass of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I wou'd come and see him at his House that Evening. I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprise, a handsome House, neatly furnish'd, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy* as ever joy'd the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my Merchant how a Bankrupt shou'd come by all this; in answer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The *Dutch*, Sir, (said he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any part of *Europe*, who has had any considerable Traffick

Traffick with this Countrey, whose Honesty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove by sufficient Testimony, that his Losses and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate Chance, above the reach of humane Prevention; that then such a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State; have a supply of whatever Money he's willing to take up out of the Publick Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Industry and Integrity; and all this upon the Current Interest, which is seldom above Four *per Cent.*

Pursuant to this (continued the Gentleman) my Qualifications for this Credit being sufficiently testify'd, I took up here two Thousand Pound Sterling, and in two Years have gain'd Fifty *per Cent.* So that by God's Assistance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I question not but in a few Years I shall be able to show my Face to my Creditors, return to my Countrey, and there live in *Statu q'uo*.

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A Charitable Action to relieve distress'd Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Interest of the Republick, which you

may soon discover by repeating the Conditions. His Honesty must be manifest from his former Accounts, his sufficiency in Business apparent from his predecant manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes such as were above humane prevention, as by Storms, Pyrates, or the like; but above all, he must have some considerable Traffick with this Countrey, there's the Clincher, the *Utile*, the greatest Incouragement imaginable for all Forriegers to Traffick with this Nation; and for the most ingenious Traders, who are not always the most Fortunate, to seek a Residence among them: and what a Life and Vigour these two Circumstances may add to the Trade of a Nation, the flourishing Condition of this People is the most sufficient Witness.

Now, *Sam*, I have tir'd you most certainly; for I am weary my self, and we are seldom the soonest tir'd with our own; the Gravity of my Style you must impute to the Air of the Country; and the Length of my Letter to a very Rainy Day that has kept me within; and to excuse the Matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a Gentleman, who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a Truth, that I am, *Dear Sir, Yours, &c.*

*An Epilogue, spoken by Mr. Wilks at his
first Appearance upon the English Stage.*

AS a poor Stranger wreck'd upon the Coast,
With Fear and Wonder views the Dangers
past ;

So I with dreadful Apprehensions stand,
And thank those Pow'rs that brought me safe to Land.
With Joy I view the smiling Countrey o're,
And find, kind Heav'ns ! an hospitable Shore.
'Tis *England*---- This your Charities declare,
But more the Charms of *British* Beauties there.
Beauties that celebrate this Isle afar,
They by their Smiles, as much as you by War.
True Love, true Honour, here I can't fail to play,
Such lively Patterns you before me lay.
Void of Offence, tho' not from Censure free,
I left a distant Isle too kind to me.

Loaded with Favors I was forc'd away,
 'Cause I wou'd not accept what I cou'd never pay.
 There I cou'd please, but there my Fame must end,
 For hither none must come to boast, but mend.
 Improvement must be great, since here I find
 Precepts, Examples, and my Masters kind.

*A Prologue on the propos'd Union of the
 Two Houses.*

NOW all the World's tak'n up with State Affairs,
 Some wishing Peace, some calling out for Wars.
 'Tis likewise fit, we shou'd inform the Age,
 What are the present Politicks of the Stage.
 Two different States, ambitious both, and bold,
 All Free-born Souls, the New House and the Old,
 Have long contended, and made stout Essays,
 Which shoul'd be Monarch, absolute in Plays.

Long

Long has the Battel held with bloody Strife,
 Where many ranting Heroes lost their Life :
 Yet such their Enmity, that ev'n the slain
 Do conquer Death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the Gallery, Box, the Pit and all
The Audience look'd, and shook its awful Head,
Wondring to see so many Thousands fall,
And then look'd Pale to see us look so Red.
 By Force of Number, and Poetick Spell,
 We've rais'd the ancient Heroes too from Hell
 To lead our Troops ; and on this Bloody Field,
 You've seen great *Cæsar* fight, great *Pompey* yield.
 Vast Sums of Treasure too we did advance
 To draw some Mercenary Troops from *France*;
 Light-footed Rogues, who when they got thir Pay,
 Took to their Heels----*Alons*---and run away.
 Here have you seen great *Philip's* Conquering Son,
 Who in Twelve Years did the whole World orerun ;
 Here has he fought, and found a harder Jobb
 To beat one Playhouse, than subdue the Globe:
All

All this from Emulation for the Bays;
 You lik'd the Contest, and bestow'd your Praise:
 But now, (as busie Heads love something new)
 They wou'd propose an *Union*---Oh, *Mort-dieu*,
 If it be so, let *Cæsar* hide his Head,
 And fight no more for Glory, but for Bread.
 Let *Alexander* mourn, as once before,
 Because no Worlds are left to conquer more.
 But if we may judge small from greater things,
 The present Times may show what *Union* brings,
 You feel the Danger of *United Kings*.
 If we grow one, then Slavery must ensue
 To Poets, Players, and, my Friends, to you.
 For to one House confin'd, you then must praise
 Both cursed Actors, and confounded Plays.
 Then leave us as we are, and next advance
 Bravely to break the Tye 'twixt *Spain* and *France*.

On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in Imitation of Catullus, for his Lesbia's.

Mourn all ye Muses, mourn ye Nymphs and
Loves,

Mourn all ye Woods, mourn all ye Trees and Groves.

Weep all ye Streams, ye Forrests fade and mourn,

Your well-lov'd Bird must ne're again return.

Let the dull Air ne're be serene again,

Let all the Winds with loudest Sighs complain.

The once blest Winds, whilst they cou'd bear away

His charming Notes, and with his Feathers play,

How shall I grieve, or how bewail his Death?

None fit to sing that wants his tuneful Breath:

Like the melodious Swan prepar'd to dye,

He shou'd himself have Sung his Elegy.

Ye winged Choristers, come here, and sing,

Lament his Death; sweet Flowers and Blossoms bring,

To strew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.

Sweet

Sweet was his Voice, well were his Notes belov'd;
 His careful Mistress with his Tunes he mov'd;
 Oft has he sung upon the Flowry Plain,
 But ne're, alas! like wretched me, in vain.

Round her alone the pretty Bird wou'd fly,
 Chirp to the fair, and in her Bosom lye;
 Her Bosom, fairer than the Silver Sky:

There did the Wanton Play, and there was blest,
 And there alone he made his downy Nest;

All her Discourse to him he understood,
 And kindly answer'd with what Voice he cou'd.

Upon her Head oft wou'd he fluttering move,
 And spread a living Canopy above;

Ten thousand pretty things shew'd his officious
 Love.

Oft as she walk'd, when she began to sing,
 With her own Breath he fann'd her from his Wing;
 Then would he pluck the Daisies here, and there,
 And to her Hands the blushing Presents bear.
 The Woods he scorn'd, and chose with her to dwell,
 Her Fingers did all Boughs by far excell.

Ye winged Choristers, come here, and sing;

Lament his Death; sweet Flowers, and Blossoms bring,

To strew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.

For ah! he's gone, his pleasing Sports must cease,

He's gone, alas! and now no more can please;

Still is his Voice, and still his stifning Wing,

He ne're again must to his Mistress Sing.

See his deep grave by mournful *Cupid* made,

Himself close by in a sad Posture lay'd,

Breaking his Golden Arrow, late his Spade.

Around his Grave let circling *Fairies* play,

Dance the whole Night, and scarce depart by Day;

Let all things grieve, *Selinda's* Sparrow's gone;

Selinda's Sparrow, so belov'd alone,

For him the tender *Virgin* Mourns and Cries,

For her dear Sparrow she Laments and Sighs,

Sworn to be buried there, whene're she dyes.

Then shall the winged *Choire* flock here, and Sing,

Lament her Death, sweet Flowers and Blossoms bring,

To strew her Grave with Beauties of the Spring.

On

On the Death of the late Queen.

WHilst Heaven with Envy on the Earth look'd
down,
Saw us unworthy of the Royal Pair,
And justly claim'd *Maria* as its own,
Yet kindly left the Glorious *William* here:
The Heaven and Earth alike do in the Blessing share:
He makes the Earth, She Heaven our great Allies;
And tho' we mourn, she for our Comfort dyes;
Nor need we fear the rash presumptuous Foe,
Whilst she's our Saint above, and he our King below.

A

A S O N G.

(1.)

Tell me, *Aurelia*, tell me pray,
 How long must *Damon* sue ;
 Prefix the time, and I'll obey,
 With Patience wait the happy Day,
 That makes me sure of you.

(2.)

The Sails of Time my Sighs shall blow,
 And make the Minutes glide ;
 My Tears shall make the Current flow,
 And swell the hastning Tide.

(3.)

The Wings of Love shall fly so fast,
 My hopes mount so sublime,
 The Wings of Love shall make more hast,
 Than the swift Wings of time.

The

The Assignment, a Song.

(1.)

THe Minute's past appointed by my Fair,
 The Minute's fled
 And leaves me dead
 With Anguish and Despair.

(2.)

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
 With the appointed Hour ;
 None can the Minute's past o'retake,
 And nought my Hopes restore.

(3.)

Cease your Complaints, and make no Moan,
 Thou sad repining Swain ;
 Although the fleeting Hour be gone,
 The Place doe's still remain.

The Place remains, and she may make

Amends for all your Pain ;

Her Presence can past Time o'retake,

Her Love your Hopes regain.

An Epigram.

D*Ans vitam panis, nobis dans gaudia vinum
Omnia dans aurum, sunt pretiosa nimis :
Nil commune bonum est, at res est flebilis altera,
Dans, est communis femina ubique, nihil.*

In English, thus :

N*ature's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd ;
It surfeits some, while many more are starv'd :
Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
Was common Good, is now made private Store :*

E

Nothing

Nothing that's Good we have among us Common
 But all enjoy the Common Ill----- A Woman.

*To a Gentleman, that had his Pocket pick'd
 of a Watch and some Gold by a Mistress.
 A Burlesque Letter.*

I'M sorry, Sam, thour't such a Ninny
 To Let a Wench rob thee of Guinea,
 And thus to spend and lose your Cobbs,
 By lavish opening both your Fobbs :
 You're fairly fobb'd, to let her get all,
 Both one, and also t'other Mettal.
 Your Work was on a pretty Score,
 You dug the Mine, she found the Oar;
 The Devil take the cunning Whore.
 You sily laid her down to rest her,
 And on the Bed she found a Tester.

Nothing

You

Your Watch too, *Sam*, (these Men of Power
 Must lye with Doxies by the Hour)
 A Minute's time did that command ;
 Then her's, it seems, was Minute Hand.
 She wound you up to her own liking,
 Then stole the Watch, while you were striking :
 Then think not, Sir, that you are undone ;
 What's wound so high, must next be run down :
 In revelling time you thought no Sin,
 To play a Game, at *In and In*.
 I wonder tho' you did not win for't,
 Since that you were so fairly in for't :
 But what destroy'd you in a Trice,
 She held the *Box*, you shook the *Dice* :
 The Devil was in the Dice then surely,
 To loose when you plaid so securely,
 And *three to one* was lay'd so purely.
 But what's the worst of all Mishaps
 You dread, they say, some After-claps :

If that be so, my dearest *Sammy*,
 You'll curse, and bid the Devil dam ye:
 The Fruit of *Wild Oats* which you scatter,
 Is nothing else but *Barley-water* :
 The Seed-time's good, you know my meaning,
 But Faith, the Harvest's only gleaning.
 Take Heart howe're, 'tis my desire,
 You will revive, the P---x expire ;
 Then rise like Phænix from the Fire.
 The Mettal's stronger that's well soulder'd,
 And Beef keeps sweeter once 'tis powder'd.
 So farewell, *Sam*, and may you ne're want
 Such a true faithful humble Servant.

May the 4th, from Temple Inner,
 The Post's going out, I in to Dinner.

A
COLLECTION
OF
LETTERS
AND
Other MISCELLANIES.

Grays-Inn, Wensday.

TIS a Presumption to imagine, that you have thought my Letters worth the keeping, and yet a greater Presumption to expect you shou'd now return them if you have kept them so long; but I hope the Design will partly excuse my request: I have promis'd to equip a Friend with a few Letters to help out a

Collection for the Press, and there are none I dare sooner expose to the World than those to you, because your Merit may warrant their Sincerity, and because your Ladyship was pleas'd to commend them: This makes me imagine, Madam, that they have still secur'd a Place in your Cabinet, tho' the unworthy Author cou'd merit no room in your Heart; whence I may infer that they may be as acceptable to you in Print as in my Manuscript; but if you have a Mind to secure Trophies of so poor a Conquest, I shall be proud to return them as soon as ever they are Transcrib'd, for which I now pawn my Word and Honour, as sincerely, as I once did the Heart of,

M A D A M,

Your most humble Servant

Tuesday Morning, one Stocking on, and t'other off.

I Have had your Letter, Madam, and all that I understand by it, is that your Hand is as great a Riddle as your Face, and 'tis as difficult to find out your Sense in

in your Characters, as to know your Beauty in your Mask ; but I have at last conquer'd the Maidenhead of your writing, as I hope one day I shall that of your Person; and I'm sure you han't lost your Virginity, if the Lines in your Complexion be half so crooked as those in your Letter. I return your Compliment of Advice in the same Number of Particulars that you were pleas'd to send me. First, If you are not handsome, never show a Face that may frighten away that Admirer, which your Wit has engaged. Secondly, Never believe what a Gentleman speaks to you in a Mask, for while the Ladies were double Faces, 'tis but Justice that our Words shou'd bear a double Meaning---Lastly, You must never advise a Man against wandring, if you design to be his Guide. You tell me of swearing to a known Lye ; I don't remember, Madam, that I ever swore I lov'd you, tho' I must confess that a little Lady in a half mourning Mantue and a deep Morning Complexion, has run in my Head so much since *Monday* Night, that I'm afraid, she will soon get into my Heart: But now Madam, hear my Misfortune.

*The Angry Fates and dire Stage-Coach
Upon my Liberty incroach,*

*To bear me hence with many a Jog
 From thee my charming dear Incog.
 Unhappy Wretch ! at once who feels
 O' returns of Hack, and Fortune's Wheels.*

This is my Epitaph, Madam, for now I'm a dead Man, and the Stage-Coach may most properly be call'd my Herse, bearing the Corps only of deceas'd F-----r ; for his Soul is left with you, whom he loves above all Womankind ; by which you may judge of the height of his Passion ; for he cares not one Farthing for your whole Sex, as I hope to be saved.

Thursday, 11 a Clock.

BOpeep is Child's Play, and 'tis time for a Man to be tir'd of it ; I went yesterday to *Bedlam* upon your mad Affignation, stay'd till Seven like a Fool, to expect one, who, unless she were mad, wou'd never come. I begin to believe that they are only wise that are there, and we possess'd that put them in ; they at least have this advantage over us Lunaticks at Liberty, that they find Pleasure in their Frenzy, and we a Torment in our Reason ; I was so tir'd with walking there so long, that
 I

I could not bear the Fatigue of putting off my Cloaths, but sat up all Night at the Tavern; so that your Letter is but just come to my Hands, when, like *Prince Prettyman*, I have one Boot on and t'other off, Love and Honour have a strong Battel, but here comes my Friend to claim my Engagement, so Love is put to the Rout, and away for *Essex* immediately; but a Word of Advice before we part. Pray consider, Madam, whether your Good or Ill Stars have usually the most Ascendant over your Inclinations, and accordingly prosecute your Intentions of corresponding with me or not; wou'd you be advis'd by me, you wou'd let it alone; for by the Uneasiness that my small Converse has already rais'd in me, I guess at the greater Disturbance of being farther expos'd to your Charms, unless I may hope for something which my Vanity is too weak to ensure. Fortune has always been my Adversary; and I may conclude that Woman, who is much of her Nature, may use me the same way; but if you prove as blind as she, you may, perhaps, love me as much as she hates me. My humble Service to your two Sister Fairies, and so the Devil take you all.

If you will answer this---you may.
Essex,

Essex, Fryday Morning.

I Have been a Horseback, Madam, all this Morning, which has so discompos'd my Hand and Head, that I can hardly think or write Sense; the Posture of my Affairs is a little extraordinary in some other parts about me; for my Saddle was very uneasy, the Hare we hunted put me in mind of a Mistress, which we must Gallop after with hazard of breaking our Necks, and after all our Pains, the Puss may prove a Witch at the long run. I have had no Female in my Company since I left the Town, or any thing of your Sex to entertain me; for your *Essex-Women*, like your *Essex-Calves*, are only Butcher's Meat; and if I must cater for my self, commend me to a Pit Partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I have my Choice of a whole Covy; how well I love this kind of Meat, you may guess, when I assure you, that I have purely fed upon your Idea ever since, which has stuck as close to me, as my Shirt; which by the way I han't shifted since I came to the Countrey; for Clean Linnen is not so modish here as a Lover might

might require. I receiv'd just now an impertinent Piece of Banter from an angry Fair, she says, I pawn'd my Soul to the Devil for the great Success of my Play: But her Ladyship is thus angry, because I wou'd not pawn my Body to the Devil for another sort of Play, of which I presume the Lady to be a very competent Judge; I shall disappoint her now, as formerly; for I will set her raging mad with the Calmness of my Answer: Besides, Madam, there is nothing can put me out of Humour, that comes by that Post which brings me a Line from you; tho' I must tell you in Plain Terms, that I begin to have but a mean Opinion of your Beauty; for were it, in the least, parallel to your Wit, the number of your other Conquests wou'd raise your Vanity above any Correspondence with a Person, whose chief Merit, is his Indifference.

Grays-

THE Arguments you made use of last Night for still keeping on your Mask I endeavour'd to refute with Reason, but that proving ineffectual, I'll try the Force of Rhime, and send you the Heads of our Chat in a Poetical Dialogue between you and I.

Thus Images are viel'd which you adore ;
Four Ignorance does raise your Zeal the more.

I.

*All Image-Worship for false Zeal is held ;
False Idols ought indeed to be conceal'd.*

You.

*Thus Oracles of old were still receiv'd,
The more ambiguous, still the more believ'd.*

I.

But Oracles of Old were seldom true ;
The Devil was in 'um--- sure he's not in you.

You.

Thus masqu'd in Mysteries does the Godhead
stand,
The more obscure, the greater his Command.

I.

*The Godhead's hidden Power wou'd soon be
past,*

Did we not hope to see his Face at last.

You.

*You are my Slave already, Sir, you know,
To shew more Charms wou'd but increase }
your Woe ;*

I scorn to insult a Conquer'd Foe.

I.

*I am your Slave, 'tis true ; but still you see
All Slaves by Nature struggle to be free :
But if you wou'd secure the stubborn Prize,
Add to your Wit the Fetters of your Eyes :
Then pleas'd with Thraldom would I kiss
my Chain,
And ne're think more of Liberty again.*

Sunday, after Sermon.

I Came, I saw, and was conquer'd ; ne-
ver had Man more to say, yet can I
say nothing ; where others go to save
their Souls, there have I lost mine ; but I
hope that Divinity which has the justest
Title to its Service has receiv'd it ; but I
will endeavour to suspend these Raptures
for a Moment, and talk calmly.

Nothing

Nothing upon Earth, Madam, can Charm beyond your Wit, but your Beauty; after this not to love you, would proclaim me a Fool; and to say I did, when I thought otherwise, would pronounce me a Knave: If any Body call'd me either, I should resent it; and if you but think me either, I shall break my Heart. You have already, Madam, seen enough of me to create a Liking or an Averſion; your Senſe is above your Sex, then let your Proceeding be ſo likewise, and tell me plainly what I have to hope for. Were I to conſult my Merit, my Humility would chide any Shadow of Hope; but after a Sight of ſuch a Face, whoſe whole Compoſition is a Smile of good Nature, why ſhould I be ſo unjuſt as to ſuſpect you of Cruelty: Let me either live in *London* and be happy, or retire again to my Deſart to check my Vanity that drew me thence; but let me beg to receive my Sentence from your own Mouth, that I may hear you ſpeak, and ſee you look at the ſame time, then let me be unfortunate if I can.

*If you are not the Lady in Mourning
that ſat upon my Right Hand at
Church, you may go to the Devil,
for I'm ſure you're a Witch.*

Madam,

Madam,

IF I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again ; my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you these two long Hours----Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady, whose Beauty is as much above your Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love. Then answers my Heart, Good Mr. Head, you're a Blockhead ; I know Mr. F----r's Merit better than you ; as for your Part, I know you to be as whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers ; but for my Share, I am fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever ; and if the Fair She can secure an Interest in me, Monsieur Head, you may go whistle. Come, come, (answer'd my Head) you Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some Inconvenience or other ; was't not you that first entic'd him to talk to this Lady ? Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this Lady, and your busie Impertinence has made him write to her
your

your leaping and skipping disturbs his
 Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by
 Day : In short, Sir, I will hear no more
 on't; I am Head, and I will be obey'd---
 You lie, Sir, reply'd my Heart, (being
 very angry) I am Head in Matters of
 Love, and if you don't give your Con-
 sent, you shall be forc'd; for I'm sure
 that in this Case all the Members will be
 on my Side. What say you, Gentlemen
 Hands? Oh! (says the Hands) we wou'd
 not forego the tickling Pleasure of touch-
 ing a delicious, white, soft Skin for the
 World.---Well, what say you, Mr. Tongue?
 Zounds, says the Linguist, there's more
 Extasie in speaking three soft Words of
 Mr. Heart's suggesting, than whole Orati-
 ons of Seignior Head's; so I am for the
 Lady, and here's my honest Neighbour
 Lips will stick to't. By the sweet Power
 of Kisses that we will, (reply'd the Lips.)
 And presently some other worthy Mem-
 bers standing up for the Heart, they laid
 violent Hands, (*nemine contradicente*) up-
 on poor Head, and knock'd out his Brains.
 So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a
 Lover as any in *Christendom*, my Heart
 purely dictating every Word I say; the
 little Rebel throws it self into your Pow-
 er, and if you don't support it in the
 Cause

Cause it has taken up for your sake, think
what will be the Condition of the Head-
less and Heartless

Farquhar.

Monday, twelve a Clock at Night.

Give me leave to call you, dear Ma-
dam, and to tell you that I am now
stepping into Bed, and that I speak with
as much Sincerity as if I were stepping in-
to my Grave; Sleep is so great an Em-
blem of Death, that my Words ought to
be as real, as if I were sure never to wa-
ken; then may I never again be blest
with the Light of the Sun, and the Joys
of *Wensday*, if you are not as dear to me
as my Hopes of waking Health to Morrow
Morning; your Charms lead me, my In-
clinations prompt me, and my Reason
confirms me,

MADAM,

Your faithful and humble Servant.

*My humble Service to the Lady, who,
next to my Saviour, must be chief
Mediatour for my Happiness.*

F

Madam,

Madam,

IN Order to your Ladyship's Commands I have sent you my Thoughts upon your two wieghty Maxims of Amorous Policy,-----*If we fly, they pursue* ; and, *Enjoyment quenches Love* : But I shall run a greater hazard of your Displeasure by my Obedience, than I shou'd by the Neglect of your Commands, these Subjects leading me into more Gravity than is well consistent with my own Inclinations, or the perusal of a fair Lady. But to the Business.

To examine rightly how far these Female Maxims are in Force, we must dispose Mankind into a Division, which I think hitherto has scap'd the *Logicians*, *to wit*, the Men of Idleness, and Men of Business ; under the first Branch of which Distinction is reduceable a great share of the World, and especially that which composes the Character of what we call the *Beau Monde* ; for to make them all of a Piece, we must give them a French Name too.

The Practice of these Gentlemen, I must confess, has gone a great way to pass
these

these Maxims for Authentick, and have sufficiently authoris'd the Ladies to stick so firmly to their Principles ; but wou'd they consider a little upon what a Scurvy Foundation these Topicks are grounded, they wou'd damn the Doctrin for Sake of the Adorers.

These Idle Gentlemen (begging their Pardon for so familiar an Epithet) shou'd show the Ladies what a difference there is between modish intreaguings, and true Love ; for these Sparks make intreaguings their Business, and Love only their Diversion. They visit their Mistresses as they go to the Park, because it is the Mode, and continue to solicit her Favour, not thro' the impulse of Passion, but because they have nothing else to do ; some other Motives there are to engage these Sparks in the pursuit of a fair Lady ; as for instance, upon the Survey of his Rent-Roll the Lover finds two or three thousand a Year still unmortgag'd, sends down immediately to his Steward to screw up his Tenants to due Payments, and concludes with *Money conquers all things* ; a Potent Proverb, I must confess, to back his Resolution. But here consider, Madam, what it is that pursue you, not the Gentleman, but Fiddlers, Masquerades, Jewel-

F 2

lers,

lers, Glovers, Milleners, hir'd Poets, with the confus'd Equipage of all their respective Trades, the Devil a Dart of Love is in the whole Bundle, no more than there is in the Straw and Oats that keeps a Horse for *New Market*; here are only two Beasts to be back'd, one for Pleasure and t'other for Profit; I will feed one for the Plate, and Pamper the t'other for my own riding.

A second Life to his pursuit is his Vanity; the Beau having receiv'd a Repulse over Night, steps to his Glass in the Morning, and surveying his charming Shape, 'Sdeath, (says he,) *why should I despair of Success? Bloud, I'm as pretty Fellow as another; but I think my Calves are a little of the largest. Ay, that's it, she did not like my Dress Yesterday---Here Boy, reach my blew Coat, I'll tye my Cravat with a double Knot to day, and wear the Buckles of my Garters behind.* Thus while his Foppish Fancy can invent any particular Change or Whimsey in his Dress, his Hopes are nourish'd by an abusive Presumption, that the Ladies are smitten by such *Bagatel* Impertinence. Here indeed, Madam the first Maxim, *If we fly, they pursue,* is in Force; but upon Scurvy Terms; for the Continuation of such a Coxcomb's Address

Address is the greatest Satyr upon the Sex ; and a Woman of true Sense rather than be plagued with such a Follower, if there were no other way, shou'd give him her Person to be quit of his Company ; for here I dare be sworn your second Maxim will hold, That *Enjoyment quenches Love*. For these Gentlemen love as they hunt, for Diversion, as I said before ; and no sooner is one Hare snapt up, but they beat about for another. Besides, Madam, 'tis but a modest Presumption that these Men of Pleasure and Idleness must have an Ingredient of the Fool in their Composition, which cannot relish the true and lasting Beauties of a fine Woman, they cannot make a true estimate of her Sense, her Constancy, her several little kind and endearing Offices, which can only engage the Affections of a Man that truly understands their Value.

This brings into my Consideration how far these Maxims may be applicable to your corresponding with the latter part of the Distinction, which I call'd the Men of Business ; by which I understand Men of Sense, Learning, and Experience, and call them Men of Business, because I wou'd exclude a parcel of flashy, noisy, rhiming, atheistical Gentlemen, who arro-
gate

gate to themselves the Title of Wit and Sense, for no other Cause but the Abuse of it; such must be rank'd with the first sort of Lovers, for they are the Idlest of Mankind; neither do I confine the Character of a Man of Business to the Law, the Church, the Court, Trade, or any particular Employment; I intend it a farther Latitude, and inclusive of all those, who deriding the Fop, and detesting the Debauchee, have laid down to themselves some certain Scheme of Study, in any lawful Art or Science, for the benefit of the Publick, or their own private Improvement.

Upon this Foundation we may rationally conclude the Actions of such Men to flow directly from the Operations of their Reason. But here, Madam, without doubt the Ladies will interrupt me---*Hold, Sir, (say they) we absolutely deny that Love and Reason are consistent.* From which it follows, that your Men of Business have no Business here.

I am very sorry, Madam, in the first Place, that the Qualification which must recommend a Man to a fair Lady, must debase him so near the Level of a Brute, and deprive him of that divine Stamp by which he is distinguish'd from the Beasts
of

of the Field; what an affront is this to your Sex, that one must no sooner begin to admire a Woman, but he must cease to be a Man; and that the Glory which a Lady receives by the plurality of her Adorers, shou'd depend only upon the Esteem of so many irrational Creatures! No, no, Madam, I am too much a Courtier to let this vulgar Calumny and severe Reflection upon your Sex pass unexamined.

I shall therefore make bold to say, that this very Opinion touching the Inconsistency of Love with Reason has cost the fair Sex more Tears, and have subjected Men to more Curses, than the worst Circumstances of Falshood and Perjury; for depending upon this Principle of the Ladies, the greatest Rascals have appeared the most passionate Lovers, because the greatest Knaves make the best Fools; and the most usual Cloak for natural Villany is an artificial Simplicity.

But granting such Follies and Absurdities to be the Results of a real Passion, such Love ought not to gain one Grain the more weight in the Ballance of true Sense; for if the Lover be a Fool, this Extravagance is but what's natural to his Temper, and exposes it self as wildly in

the effects of his other ordinary Passions, as in Anger, Fear, Joy, Grief, and the like ; and must not properly be call'd the strength of his Love, but the Weakness of his Reason ; and the same pitch of Passion that may make a *Witall* appear Lunatick, wou'd scarcely be discernable in a *Dorimant* ; but if the Force of Love raise a Man of true Sence to the pitch of Playing the Fool, 'tis then, if not more ridiculous, at least much more dangerous in the Consequence ; for be assur'd, Madam, that the bent of his Desire must be too violent to last long ; and once it begins to decline, 'twill prove as violent in the Fall as in the Rise ; and the constant result of a sober Reflection, is the Hatred and Detestation of any thing that had made him guilty of Extravagance, and debas'd him below the Dignity of his Reason ; and there is no Medium in this Case between the extravagant Lover and the inveterate Enemy.

But begging your Ladyship's Pardon for this Digression, I shall return to my Man of Business, and see how far your Principle, *If we fly they pursue*, is applicable to a Person of this Character.

To the Examination of this Point, 'twill not be amiss to consider, the several Paces and Proceedings of such a Lover in
his

his Amour. A Man of Business and Study has his Thoughts too round and compact within himself to have his Fancy sallying out upon the appearance of every Beauty that his daily Conversation may throw in his way; but if once it lights upon that Fair, which can rouse him from his Indifference, raising a Pleasure in his Eyes when she's present, and an Uneasiness in his Heart in her Absence, 'tis no Imprudence to indulge the Thought; Love (he considers) is a Blessing; and since it depends so much upon a Sympathy of Natures, why mayn't I expect that the fair Creature, who has rais'd such Emotions in me, may in time perhaps be brought to have a mutual Concern upon her? The Happiness that I may expect from her Love, if her other Qualities be proportionable to her Beauty, will infinitely reward the Pains of my inquiring into her Life and Conversation. Here is the Foundation of Love fairly laid; and now my Gentleman goes to work upon the Structure; he first enquires into the Ladies Character, but that as a Man of Sense ought to do, without trusting the Malice of some that may be her Enemies, nor yet consulting the Partiality of her Friends; his Reason may make a tolerable

ble good Ballance between both ; and if perhaps some Slip in her Conduct has made the Scale of her Accusation the heaviest, he has some Grains of Love to throw into the other to counterpoise it. His next Business is to gain admittance to her Company ; here he may find a thousand Beauties to augment, or as many Failings perhaps to destroy his Passion ; and to his Examination he must refer his Judgment upon the different Characters he might have heard of her before ; for no reasonable Man will peremptorily conclude from the Mouth of Common Fame ; 'tis a notorious Lyar, and generally in Extrems : If he beleives it to the Lady's Prejudice, he may wrong her Innocence past Redress ; and if he trusts flying Report in her Favour, he may be impos'd upon himself : For the Vulgar (by which I mean the Laid Coat as well as the Hobnail) cannot enter into the nice Secrets of Female Behaviour, they sometimes mistake Levity for Freedom, ill Humour for Gravity, Noise and Tattle for Wit and Sense ; sometimes they change Hands, and call an Air of good Breeding, Coquetry ; they brand Affability and good Nature with the Name of Looseness ; and, in short, there can be no such thing as a

Woman

Woman in their Estimate, all must be Angels, or all Devils: Now my Lover shall find out all these Distinctions, he shall, in spite of Female Dissimulation, search to the very Bottom, and discover the least Paint upon the Mind, as he does that upon the Face. Having found the Lady's Temper conformable to his own, or being at least assur'd that he can frame his own Humour to square with hers, having known her Sense and Understanding sufficient for a prudent Conduct, at least plyable to good Advice, he stands fixt in his Resolution, and resolv'd upon his Affection.

Thus the beautiful Edifice of Love is gradually and firmly rais'd, whereof Reason is still the Corner-stone; not like the trifling Pomp of a Fop's Preparation, which like a Lord-Mayor's Pageant, is built in a Night, Glitters, and is gaz'd at for a Day, and the next dwindles into nothing. The Building thus finish'd, the next Business is to invite the fair Guest; 'tis impossible to confine the Rules of his Address to any particular Observation, because they may be so diversify'd by the Circumstances of the Lover, the Accidents of Time, Place, or according to some Humours and Inclinations in the
Lady's

Lady's Temper, which last have always prov'd the most effectual means of gaining a Heart : If the Lady's Disposition be inclinable to Gayety, he makes the Muses speak a good Word for him ; he can dispense in an Evening with a very dull Play, to have the Pleasure of acting the Lover himself ; nay, he can comply so far, as to commend a very Dull Thing, if his Mistress is pleas'd to approve it ; he can take a turn in the Mall with his Hat off, tho' the Weather be very cold, and join with her in railing at my Lord Such-a-one, or Mistress Such-a-one, tho' perhaps he understands the Quarrel to be no more than a Pique, or a piece of Malice. If the Lady's Temper be more Grave and Sedate, he can sit an Hour or two condemning the Vices of the Town, and extolling the Pleasures of a Countrey Life ; nay, sometimes perhaps he may have a Fling at the Government, and be a little Jacobitish to please her ; he can wait on her to Church, and hear a Levite thump Dust and Nonsense out of a Pulpit Cushion for an Hour, and call it an excellent Sermon, to humour her Approbation ; with a thousand other little foolish Fancies, which because they are not very hurtful in themselves, and that Custom

has

has brought them into Play, must be born with upon this Occasion; and when all is done, Ceremony looks as decently in Love, as in Religion; and a Clown in an Intreague makes as awkward a Figure as a Quaker in Church. Our Lover therefore writes, visits, sighs, declares his Passion with all Demonstrations of Submission and Sincerity, all which is often repeated, to save the Lady's Modesty, and to sooth a little pleasing Vanity, incident to the Female Sex of seeing themselves admir'd. He is satisfy'd also that the World shou'd know it, and submits to the Censure of a whining Coxcomb, to favour the Lady's yeilding by the plausible Excuse of a hard Siege; but if after all this he finds his Pretensions to no Purpose, your Maxim, Madam, *If we fly, &c.* will not be of force to detain him longer; he has the same Thread of Reason to guide him out of the Labarinth that led him in; he has not perhaps the same Supports to his Hope, that every glittering Spark, with a Coach and Six, can pretend; but were his Fortune ever so considerable, he wou'd not affront the Lady's Honour, nor his own Judgment so far, as to suppose her of a Mercenary Temper; neither can he

he imagine that the Charming Fair, whose Sense he has so much admir'd, shou'd be captivated with the tying of his Cravat, or the Fancy of his Snush-box. No, no, he is rather convinc'd, that there is something disagreeable to the Lady in his Person, Behaviour, or Conversation, which being a Defect of Nature, or Education, he must patiently submit to, without cutting his Throat; and he's the more willing to take up with his Failings, because Time may perhaps produce some other Lady that may value him upon these very Circumstances, that made the first disdain him; so that in spite of your celebrated Maxim, he betakes himself to his Business, has the good Manners to free the Lady from his Impertinence, and the Prudence to disengage himself of the Trouble; neither is he much distress'd to withdraw his Affections; for as the prospect of Happiness was the first Foundation of his Love, so the Progress of his Passion must have been nourish'd with Favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this Fuel will the Fire go out of it self.

I have already, Madam, so far transgressed the Bounds of a *Billet-doux*, that I'm afraid to meddle with your second Maxim: But give me a Moment's Patience,

ence, Madam, and I'll make quick Work with *Enjoyment quenches Love* : One Simile, Madam, and I take my Leave. What a strange and unaccountable Madness wou'd it appear in a Subject of *England*, a Gentlemen that enjoys Peace and Plenty, Ease and Luxury, if he, discontented with his happy State, shou'd raise a Combustion in his Country, turn ambitious Rebel, make a Party against his Prince, and by Force and Treachery lay hold upon the Government, and all this for the bare Pleasure of being call'd King. I can assure you, Madam, did the Pleasures of a Monarch consist in nothing more than being plac'd in a Throne, with a Crown upon his Head, and the Scepter in his Hand, we should have the upstart Prince use his Government as a Fool does a fair Lady after Enjoyment, he wou'd soon be cloy'd with his Desire, and uneasy till he got quit of it. But if our *Noll* understood the Policy of Government, the many Glories that attend a Crown, the Pomp of Dependencies, the Sweets of absolute Power, with the many Delights and Joys that attend his Royalty, he would maintain his Station to the last Drop of Blood. This is easily applicable to a Man of Sense gaining the Crown of Beauty,

Beauty, he can judge the Charms of his Possession, and values Enjoyment only as the Title to his greater Pleasures, there are a thousand Cupids attending the Throne of Love, all which have their several pretty Offices and serviceable Duties to exhilarate their Masters Joy, and contribute to his constant Diversion, if he but understands how to employ them.

How far, Madam, I have recommended to you the Addressee of an ingenious Man I dare not determine; but I'm afraid I have said so much against the Passion of Fools, that I have ruin'd my own Interest; tho' you can't reckon me among the Idle part of Men, being so happily employed this Morning by the Commands of so fair a Lady.

Your Ladyship's most Humble Servant.

Friday Night, 11 a Clock.

IF you find no more Rest from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I cou'd wish you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am most in Love. I went to the Play this Evening, and the Musick rais'd my Soul to such a pitch of Passion, that I was almost mad with Melancholy.

I flew thence to *Spring-Garden*, where with envious Eyes I saw every Man pick up his Mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradise to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale, which methought in sweet Notes like your own pronounc'd the Name of my dear *Penelope*--- *As the Fool thinketh, the Bell chinketh*. From hence I retir'd to the Tavern, where methought the shining Glass represented your fair Person, and the sparkling Wine within it, look'd like your lively Wit and Spirit: I met my dear Mistress in every thing, and I propose presently to see her in a lively Dream, since the last thing I do, is to kiss her dear Letter, clasp her charming Idea in my Arms, and so fall fast asleep.

*My Morning Songs, my Evening Pray'rs,
My daily Musings, Nightly Cares.*

Adieu.

Here am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the Globe; and it shall go hard but I make the Voyage of old Sir *Drake* by to morrow morning: We have a fresh Gale and a round Sea; for here is very
G good

good Company and excellent Wine ; from the Orb in the Sign I will step to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour of all the Planets, and fix in the Constellation of *Venus*. You see, Madam , I am elevated already. Here's a Gentleman tho' who swears, he loves his Mistress better than I do mine, but if I don't make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health again; the generous Wine scorns to lye upon a Traytor's Stomach, 'tis Poyson to him that profanes Society by being a Rogue in his Cups. I wish Dear Madam, with all my Heart that you saw me in my present Circumstances, you wou'd certainly fall in Love with me, for I am not my self, I am now the pleasantest foolish Fellow that ever gain'd a Lady's Heart, and a Glass or two more will fill me with such Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable. You Drawer, bring me a Plate of Ice---- Ha! How the Wine whizes upon my Heart, *Cupid* is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly---Ice, you Dog, Ice---The Son of a Whore has brought me Anchoves. Well! This is a vexatious World, I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your
 dear

dear Arms ; which is the constant Prayer
of your humble Servant, Drunk or So-
ber.

*I design to Morrow in the Afternoon
to beg your Pardon for all the ill
Manners of my Debauch, and make
my self as great as an Emperour
by inviting your Ladyship to the
Entertainment of Dioclesian.*

IN pursuance to your Order, Madam, I
have sent you here inclos'd, my Pi-
cture; and I challenge *Vandike* or *Kneller*
to draw more to the Life. You are the first
Person that ever had it, and if I had not
some Thoughts that the Substance would
fall to your share, I wou'd not part with
my Likeness. I hope the Colours will ne-
ver fade, tho' you may give me some
Hints where to mend the Features, ha-
ving so much Power to correct the
Life.

The Picture.

MY Outside is neither better nor
worse than my Creator made it,
and the Piece being drawn by so great an
Artist,

Artists, 'twere Presumption to say there were many strokes amiss. I have a Body qualify'd to answer all the Ends of its Creation, and that's sufficient.

As to the Mind, which in most Men wears as many Changes as their Body, so in me 'tis generally drest like my Person, in Black. Melancholy is its every Day Apparel; and it has hitherto found few Holydays to make it change its Cloaths. In short, my Constitution is very Splenatick, and yet very Amorous, both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former shou'd offend others, and the latter might incommode my self; and my Reason is so vigilant in restraining these two Failings, that I am taken for an easy-natur'd Man with my own Sex, and an ill-natur'd Clown by yours.

'Tis true, I am very sparing in my Praises and Complements to a Lady, out of a fear that they may affect my self more than her; for the Idols that we worship are generally of our own making; and tho' at first Men may not speak what they think, yet truth may catch them on t'other Hand, and make them think what they speak. But most of all am I cautious of promising, especially upon that weighty Article of Constancy, because in
the

the first Place, I have never try'd the Strength of it in my own Experience; and, secondly, I suppose a Man can no more engage for his Constancy than for his Health, since I believe they both equally depend upon a certain Constitution of Body, and how far, and how frequently that may be lyable to Alteration especially in Affairs of Love, let the more Judicious determine.

But so far a Man may promise, that if he find not his Passion grounded on a false Foundation, and that he have a continuance of the same Sincerity, Truth, and Love to engage him; that then his Reason, his Honour, and his Gratitude may prove too strong for all changes of Temper and Inclination.

I am a very great Epicure, for which Reason I hate all Pleasure that's purchas'd by excess of Pain; I am quite different from the Opinion of Men that value what's dearly bought, long Expectation makes the blessing always less to me, for by often thinking of the future Joy I make the Idea of it familiar to me, and so I lose the great Transport of Surprise; 'tis keeping the Springs of Desire so long upon the Rack, till at last they grow loose and enervate; besides, any one of a Creative

Fancy by a Duration of Thought, will be apt to frame too great an Idea of the Object, and so make the greater part of his Hopes end in a Disappointment.

I am seldom troubled with what the World calls *Airs* and *Capriches*; and I think it an *Ideot's* Excuse for a foolish Action, to say, It was my Humour. I hate all little malicious Tricks of vexing People for Trifles, or tiezing them with frightful Stories, malicious Lies, stealing Lapdogs, tearing Fans, breaking China, or the Like; I can't relish the Jest that vexes another in earnest; in short, if ever I do a wilful Injury, it must be a very great one.

I am often Melancholy, but seldom angry; for which Reason I can be severe in my Resentment, without injuring my self: I think it the worst Office to my Nature to make my self uneasy, for what another shou'd be punish'd.

I am easily deceiv'd, but then I never fail at last to find out the Cheat; my Love of Pleasure and Sedateness makes me very Secure, and the same Reason makes me very diligent when I'm alarm'd.

I have so natural a Propensity to Ease, that I cannot chearfully fix to any Study, which bears not a Pleasure in the Application,

cation, which makes me inclineable to Poetry above any thing else.

I have very little Estate, but what lies under the Circumference of my Hat; and shou'd I by any Mischance come to loose my Head, I shou'd not be worth a Groat; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by Three Hours Study live One and Twenty with Satisfaction my self, and contribute to the Maintainance of more Families than some who have Thousands a Year.

I have something in my outward Behaviour, which gives Strangers a worse Opinion of me, than I deserve; but I am more recompenc'd by the Opinion of my Acquaintance, which is as much above my Desert.

I have many Acquaintance, very few Intimates, but no Friend, I mean in the old Romantick way; I have no Secrets so weighty, but what I can bear in my own Breast; nor any Duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a Second; nor can I love after the old Romantick Discipline; I wou'd have my Passion, if not led, yet at least, waited on by my Reason; and the greatest Proof of my Affection, that a Lady must expect, is this: I wou'd run any Hazard to make us both

happy, but wou'd not for any transitory Pleasure make either of us Miserable.

If ever, Madam, you come to know the Life of this Piece, as well as he that drew it, you will conclude, that I need not subscribe the Name to the Picture.

WELL! Mrs. V----- and my Charming Penelope are to lye together to Night ; what wou'd I give now, to be a Mouse, (God bless us) behind the Hangings, to hear the Chat ; you don't know, Madam, but my Genius which always attends you, may over-hear your Discourse ; therefore not one Word of George ; I'm resolv'd to have a Friend to lye with me to Night, that I may quit Scores with you ; and it shall go hard but I prove as kind to my Companion, as you are to yours ; tho' I must confess, that I had rather bein Mrs. V-----'s Place, with all the little Pillows about me, or in that of Monsieur *Adonis* upon the Chair.

My

*My Rival is a Dog of Parts,
 That captivates the Ladies Hearts ;
 And yet by Jove, (I scorn to forge)
 Adonis self must yield to George.
 I am a Dog as well as he,
 Can fawn upon a Lady's Knee ;
 My Ears as long, and I can bark,
 To guard my Mistress in the Dark :
 I han't four Legs, that's no hard Sentence,
 For I can paw, and scrape Acquaintance.
 I am a Dog that Admires you ;
 And I'm a Dog, if this ben't true.
 And if Adonis do's outrival me,
 Then I'm a greater Son of a Bitch than he :
 Reach my Wastcoat----but ne'er trouble it,
 I am already a Dog in a Doublet.*

Was ever such a poetical Puppy seen?
 But when my Mistress is sick, 'tis then
Dog Days with me ; tho' 'tis but a Cur's
 trick, I must confess ; but I wou'd be con-
 tent to bark at this Rate all my Life, so I
 might hunt away all Rats and Mice from
 my fair Angel, whose fearful Temper is
 the only Mark of Mortality about her.
 The Remembrance of the Water-Rat last
 Night has inspir'd me with the following
 Lines.

Fair

*Fair Rosamond did little think
 Her Cbristal Pond shou'd turn a Sink,
 To harbour Vermin that might swim,
 And frighten Beanties from the Brim.
 Henceforth, detested Pond, no more
 Shall Beanties crown your Verdant Shore;
 Your Waves so fam'd for amorous League,
 Are now turn'd Ratsbane to Intreague.*

*Now good Morrow, my fair Creature,
 and let me know how you are reco-
 ver'd from your Fright.*

WHY shou'd I write to my dearest Penelope, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe; I have told my Passion, my Eyes have spoke it, my Tongue pronounc'd it, and my Pen declar'd it; I have sigh'd it, swore it, and subscrib'd it; now my Heart is full of you, my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you; but all in vain; if you think me a Dissembler; use me generously like a Villain, and discard me forever; but if you will be so just to my Passion, as to beleive it sincere, tell me so,

to, and make me happy ; 'tis but Justice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your Indisposition last Night when I left you, put me into such Disorder, that not finding a Coach, I miss'd my way, and never minded whither I wander'd, till I found my self close by *Tyburn*. When blind Love guides, who can forbear going astray ? Instead of laughing at my self, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F-----r*, who, whilst he rov'd abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his way ; and now by a single She was led to the Gallows : From the Thoughts of Hanging, I naturally entred upon those of Matrimony. I consider'd how many Gentlemen have taken a Hansom Swing to avoid some inward Disquiets ; then why shou'd not I hazard the Noose, to ease me of my Torment ? Then I consider'd, whether I shou'd send for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parson of *St. Ann's* ; but considering my self better prepar'd for dying in a fair Lady's Arms, than on the Three Leg'd Tree, I was the most inclinable to the Parish Priest ; besides, if I dy'd in a fair Lady's Arms, I shou'd be sure of Christian Burial at least, and shou'd have the most beautiful Tomb in the Universe. You may imagine, Madam, that
these

these Thoughts of Mortality were, very Melancholy, but who cou'd avoid the Thoughts of Death, when you were sick? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own; may the next News I hear be your Death, which wou'd be as great a Hell as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the most Amorous of his Sex.

Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am Honest or a Knave, and whether I shall live or dye.

I Can no more let a Day pass without seeing, or writing to my Dear Penelope, than I can slip a Minute without thinking of her: I know no body can lay a juster Claim to the Account of my Hours than she, who has so indisputable a Title to my Service, and I can no more keep the discovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conscience, because you compose so great a Part of my Devotion; let me therefore confess to my dearest Angel, how last Night I saunter'd to the *Fountain*, where some Friends waited for me; one of 'em was a Parson, who Preaches over
any

thing but his Glass, had not his Company and Sunday Night sanctify'd the Debauch, I shou'd be very fit for Repentance this Morning; the searching Wine has sprung the Rheumatism in my Right Hand, my Head akes, my Stomach pukes; I dream'd all this Morning of Fire, and waken in a Flame: To compleat my Misery I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I design tho' this Afternoon to repair to St. *Ann's* Prayers, to beg Absolution of my Creator and my Mistress; if both prove merciful, I'll put on the Resolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.

Dear Madam,

NOW I write with my aking Hand the Dictates of my aking Heart; my Body, and my Soul are of a Piece; both uneasy for want of my dear *Penelope*. Excuse me, Madam, for troubling you with my Distemper; but my Hand is so ill, that it can write nothing else, because it can go no farther.

Mis-

Misfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forsake my Love, or fall short of my Duty ; your Coach was full, and Mr. C-----r was vanish'd ; so I had no pretence left to avoid some sober Friends, that wou'd haul me into a Cellar to drink Syder ; a dark, chilly, confounded hole, fit only for Treason and Tobacco. Being warm with the throng of the Play-house, I unadvisedly threw off my Wig, the Rawness of this cursed Place, with the Coldness of our Tipple, has siez'd upon me so violently, that I'm afraid I shan't recover it in a Trice ; I have got such a Pain in my Jaws, that I shan't be able to eat a Bit ; so now, Madam, I must either Live upon Love, or starve ; for Heaven's Sake then, dear Madam, send me a little Substance ; let not a hungry Wretch perish for want of an Alms. Your Charity, for the Lord's Sake. Kind Words is all I crave ; and the most uncharitable Prelate, will afford a Begger his Blessing----- Pity my Condition, fair Charmer, I have got a Cold without, and a Fire within ; Love and Syder do not agree ; so I'll have no more Cellars. If you don't send me
some

Some Comfort in my Afflictions, expect to have a Note to this purpose----- Be pleas'd to Accompany the Corps of an unfortunate Lover, who dy'd of an aking Chops, and a broken Heart.

YOur Verses, Madam, I have read, scan'd, and consider'd over and over; I must still complain of the Difficulty of your Characters, but your Sense is like a rich Mine, hard to come at, but when found, an infinite Treasure. I wou'd answer you in Verse, but for the Reason that follows.

*Of all the specious Wiles and formal Arts
Us'd by our young intreaguing Men of Parts,
None can their Ignorance in Love express
So much, as whining Words in fawning Verse.
The Nymph, whose softer Breast soft Num-
bers gain,
Must have a Soul celestially serene,
Seraphically bright, and sparkling as her
Mien.*

*But Women now that Character disown,
They are all Mortal, very Mortal grown.*

By

By Verse was Beauty's Empire first ordain'd,
And stubborn Man to Love, by Verse, was
chain'd.

Verse gave to Love his Quiver and his Bow,
Nay even from Verse he had his Godhead too.
And now ungrateful Beauty scorns that Aid,
By which its greatest Triumphs first were
made.

A sordid Blockhead with an empty Scull
Shall have Access, because his Pocket's full.
Curse on thee, Gold----why Charmer, tell
me why

Shou'd that which buys a Horse, bright Beau-
ty buy?

O cou'd I find (Grant Heaven that once I
may)

A Nymph fair, kind, poetical, and gay,
Whose Love shou'd blaze, unsully'd, and di-
vine,

Lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine.
Free as a Mistress, faithful as a Wife,
And one that lov'd a Fiddle as her Life;
Free from all sordid Ends, from Interest free,
For my own Sake affecting only me.

What a blest Union shou'd our Souls combine!
I hers alone, and she be only mine.

Free generous Favours shou'd our Flames ex-
press

I'd write for Love, and she shou'd love for
Verse.

In deathless Numbers shou'd my fair one shine,
 Her Love, her Charms shou'd blazon eve-
 ry Line,

And the whole Page be, like her self, Divine.
 Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's Fair,
 Shou'd for an endless Name with mine com-
 pare

My Lines shou'd run so high, the World
 shou'd see

I sung of her, and she inspired me.

Vain are thy Wishes, wretched Damon, vain,

Thy Verse can only serve thee to complain:

Wealth makes the Bargain, Love's become

a Trade,

Blind Love is now by blinder Fortune led.

Who then wou'd sing, or sacred Numbers

boast,

Since Love, the just Reward of Verse, is lost?

Of the soft Sex why were the Muses made,

If in soft Love they can't afford us Aid?

No, Cupid, no, you have deceiv'd too long,

My Muse and Love have ever done me

wrong;

Farewel, ungrateful Love, farewell ungrate-

ful Song.

H

You

You see, Madam, that my Rhime has argu'd me out of Love; but I'm violently suspicious that my Reason will convince me, that I am still as much your Captive, as ever; for I have the greatest Inclination in the World to intreat the Favour of meeting your Ladyship in the Park to Morrow by Six; if you tarry till Seven, you may find me at the End of the Lover's Walk, hanging upon one of the Trees, which will be the readiest way, for ought I see, to bring our Amour to a Conclusion. I am an impudent Fellow; that's to prevent your Reflection upon my presuming to appoint you a Place of assignation.

IF any thing shou'd come to your Hands, Madam, that I writ last Night, I humbly beg that you wou'd pardon it's Impertinence; for I was so fuddled, that I hardly remember whether I writ or not; you'll think perhaps that my Excuse needs as much an Apology as my Fault; but you ought to forgive me, when I assure you, that I shall never forgive my self; I have vow'd this Morning never to taste
Wine

Wine till I can recover that Opportunity of seeing you, that Wine made me loose; I went to the *Royal-Exchange* at Two, and stay'd in the City till Twelve at Night; I din'd with Mr. B----x, who (by the way) is a pretty Gentleman, but has a confounded Wife; such Stories have I heard of her Persecution, and his long Suffering, that he deserves to go to Heaven, and she to Hell for sending him; and so much for a Citizens Wife. I come now from Mr. *Dryden's* Funeral, where we had an Ode in *Horace* Sung, instead of *David's* Psalms; whence you may find, that we don't think a Poet worth Christian Burial; the Pomp of the Ceremony was a kind of Rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for *Hudibras* than him; because the Cavalcade was mostly Burlesque; but he was an extraordinary Man, and bury'd after an extraordinary Fashion; for I do believe there was never such another Burial seen; the Oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the Subject, and like the Author, whose Prescriptions can restore the Living, and his Pen embalm the Dead. And so much for Mr. *Dryden*, whose Burial was the same with his Life; Variety, and not of a Piece. The Quality and Mob, Farce and Heroicks; the

Sublime and Redicule mixt in a Piece,
great *Cleopatra* in a Hackney Coach.

And now, Madam, for the Applicati-
on; let us consider, that we are all mor-
tal; that neither Wit can protect a Man,
nor Beauty a Woman from the imperti-
nence of a Burial: There is but one way,
let us joyn our Forces to disappoint it, as
this; Beauty causes Love, Love inspires
Poetry, and Poetry makes Wit immortal:
So in return, Wit is fir'd with Gratitude,
that extols your Charms, and so makes
Beauty immortal. Now, Madam, if your
Beauty can make as mad work in my
Head as it has in my Heart, I will show
the World such a Copy: of your Coun-
tenance, that you shall be as fair a hun-
dred Years hence, as you are at this In-
stant; all the Worms in the Church-yard
shall not have Power to touch one Fea-
ture in your Face; and, for my part, if
I am not more a Poet a hundred Years
hence, than I am now, I'll be damn'd.
And I can assure you, that Mr. *Dryden* had
never dy'd, had he not grown too old to
please the Ladies; and if that be my Case
already, the Lord have Mercy upon me.

Your
H

YOur strange and unexpected Declaration of your unkind Thoughts of me, has cast a Damp upon my Spirits that will break out either in Melancholy or Rage; I wish it prove the latter, for then I shall destroy my self the shorter way; in the Fervency of my Passion, and diligence of Courtship, which has alarm'd part of the World. To be accus'd of Coldness and Neglect, is----- but I'll say no more upon that Subject, 'tis too warm; and if I touch it, will set me in a Blaze. I remember the Cause of my Uneasiness t'other Day, and I remember that Cause was repeated last Night; and in short, I remembr a thousand things that make me mad; and since you have taken so opportune a Time of telling me of the Coldness of my Love; give me leave to tell you, that my Passion is so violent, that 'twill give me Cause to Curse your whole Sex; nay, even you, tho' at the same time I cou'd stab my self for the Expression; now, Madam, I'll endeavour to sleep, for I han't clos'd my Eyes since I saw you.

Hague, October the 23d. New Stile.

THis is the second Post, dear Madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the Person, whose Health and Welfare so intirely depends upon yours: I am proud to say, that all my Words, my Letters, and Endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the strain of the most real Passion that ever possess the Breast of Man; and if, after all this, they shou'd all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an Opinion I shou'd have of my Understanding; which must be a very mortifying Thought for a Person who is very unwilling to pass for a Fool. 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little Sense I had in your Service, and if it shou'd be cast away, I shou'd turn Bankrupt in my Understanding, and run stark mad upon the Loss. For God's sake, Madam, let me know what I have to trust to, that I may once more set up for a Man of some Parts, or else run away from my Senses as fast as I can; my Thoughts begin to

to be very severe Creditors, and I am perfectly tir'd of their Company. The King came hither last Night about Eleven from *Loo*; and if the Weather prove fair, designs for *England* next *Wensday*. Providence has design'd my staying so long, out of his great Mercy to secure me from the violence of a terrible Storm, which has lasted here this Fortnight past, to that degree, that *Holland* is no more at present than a great Leaky Man of War, tossing on the Ocean, and the Mariners are forc'd to pump Night and Day to keep the Vessel above Water. I can assure you, without a Jest, that the Cellars and Canals have frequent Communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a Garret: There are Fellows planted on all the Steeples, with a considerable Reward to him that can make the first Land, tho' they had more need to look out for a Rainbow, for without that I shall believe that God Almighty, in his Articles with *Noah* after the Floud, has excluded the *Dutch* out of the Treaty: I have transcrib'd your Letter to my Lord *A-----le*, and will consult with Captain *L-----ce* about your Affairs, whither it be proper to mention matters now, or defer it till we come over: My Lord *West-----nd* treated us yesterday with

a Pot of *English* Venison sent him by his Mother. But never was poor Buck so devour'd by hungry Hounds; we hunted him down with excellent *Burgundy*--- Cou'd this Place afford as good Toasts as it does Wine, 'twere a Paradise. But we made a shift to call you all over, every Beauty in *London*, from the D-----s of G---n to Mr. B-----le; and when we got drunk, we toasted the Dutch Ladies; and by the time we got thro' the whole Assembly, we were grown as dull and sottish as if we had lain with them. You must pardon my Breeding, Madam, and consider where I am; but I do blush a little, and can't say a Word more, but that I am,

M A D A M,

Your faithful and humble Servant.

I

I Receiv'd your Letter, Madam, with the strange Relation of your being robb'd: I can't tell whether my Grief or Amazement was greatest, it suspended the Pain of the Rheumatism for some Hours, tho' I gain'd little by that; for it only gave Place to a greater. All the Consolation I can afford in your Sorrow, is, that you have a Companion in your Afflictions that sympathizes in every Particular of your Grief. I consider my self a Lady robb'd of my fine things, strip'd of my best Cloaths, and what is worse, of all my pretty Trinkets that have cost me some Years in purchasing; tho' this be the greatest Misfortune a fine Lady can sustain, yet am I still more troubled at the manner of the Action, than at the Greatness of my Loss, that in a House so well peopled as mine, in an Hour so early, when all the World was awake, that all my good Stars shou'd then be asleep, is very provoking.

By this, Madam, you may judge, whether my Heart be not tun'd to the very same Notes of Sorrow with yours; and
as

as I have the same Reasons of my Grief, so perhaps I shall agree with your Ladyship as to the Thoughts which may afford you most Consolation.

Religion teaches me, that nothing in this World is properly our own, but borrow'd; and since I am oblig'd to resign even my very Life without murmuring, when he that lent is pleas'd to recall it, why shou'd I repine at parting with things of so much less Importance? But to comfort my self after a more wordly manner, I consider that my Cloaths had been worn out in a Year or two, that my fine things had been out of Fashion in a Year or two more, so that I have only lost the use of those things which four or five Years wou'd have robb'd me of without breaking a Lock, or opening a Window. Besides, another thing which gives me no small Comfort is, a Reflection on the Mercies of Providence in matters of greater Moment, as in Relation to my Life, my Honour, &c. one instance of which is pretty fresh in my Memory. I recollect that some few Months ago, I was in a foreign Countrey, far from my Relations to comfort me, or Friends to assist me; a Stranger to the Place, more to the Language; like a Child among Savage Beasts,

I had no Companion but a Brute more Savage than they, who betray'd me into the Hands of a Villain, that wou'd have ruin'd me past Redemption, had not Providence sent a Gentleman to my rescue, who is now at *Richmond* dying for Love of me. This Deliverance, I think, may make sufficient amends for the present Loss.

Now, Madam, that I have guess'd at your Thoughts upon the matter, give me leave to present you with my own Sentiments upon this Affair; and in the first Place I think that if the Rogues had strip'd you of all that you enjoy in the World, even the white Covering to your fair Nakedness, I wou'd catch you in my Arms before any Dutchess in Christendom set out in Brocade and Jewels.

I think, Secondly, that a Lady without a Husband lies very much expos'd to all Abuses from the rude World; that the Weakness of their Constitution is a sufficient Proof, that their Maker design'd Man for their Guard. Now if a Lady will neglect the Protection which Providence has design'd her, when there is one that begs so very earnestly, and has so long sollicitated for the Honour of the Place, 'tis but just, I think, that she meet with
some

some small rubbs to mind her of her insufficiency. I know, Madam, that your Ladyship has a very good and worthy Gentleman very near you; one, who is both a Friend and a Father to you; but yet a Husband is still the best *Guard-du-Corps*, and there are some Priviledges annex'd to his Place, which wou'd make Rogues more cautious how they invaded your Bed-Chamber. In the third Place, Madam, give me leave to ask you one Question: Don't you think this Thief that robb'd you to be a very barbarous Fellow? And wou'd you not be very severe upon him, if he were taken? Most certainly you wou'd. Then what must I think of a Person that has robb'd me of a Jewel, much more precious than any they have taken from you, I mean, my Ease and Quiet? A little Thief has stole my Heart out of my very Breast; the Loss of which has cost me more Sighs and Uneasiness than all the Wealth in the World cou'd have done. I have pursu'd this charming *Bandit* from Place to Place, from Town to Countrey, from Kingdom to Kingdom, yet all in vain---I beg you now, Madam, to consider this, and be not too severe upon the poor Rogues, tho' they shou'd be taken.

This

This is the first Service, my Hand has done me since I left *London*; and were not the Air too piercing for me to venture abroad after so much Bleeding, I wou'd have told you all this personally; but happen what will, three or four Days shall be the utmost Confinement I can lay upon my Desire of waiting on you; and that you have been so long releas'd from my Company, you are more beholden to the Force of my Illness, than the Strength of my Resolution, which is always too weak to encounter the Passion of,

M A D A M,

Your most sincere, and humble Servant.

Madam,

Madam,

TIS a sad Misfortune to begin a Letter with an *Adieu*; but when my Love is cross'd, 'tis no wonder that my Writing shou'd be revers'd. I wou'd beg your Pardon for the other Offences of this Nature, which I have committed, but that I have so little Reason to Judge favourably of your Mercy; tho' I can assure you, Madam, that I shall never excuse myself my own share of the trouble, no more than I can pardon myself the Vanity of attempting your Charms, so much above the reach of my Pretensions, and which are reserv'd for some more worthy Admirers. If there be that Man upon Earth that can merit your Esteem, I pity him; for an Obligation too great for a Return, must to any generous Soul be very uneasy; tho' still I envy his Misery.

May

(iii)

May you be as happy, Madam, in
the Enjoyment of your Desires, as I
am miserable in the Disappointment
of mine ; and as the greatest Blef-
sing of your Life, may the Person
you admire Love you as sincerely,
and as passionately, as he whom you
Scorn.

COMEDY

In Reference to the

English Stage

In a Letter to a Friend

WILLIAM STAMMILLON, Esq; my Friend
in the Practical Part of
Poetry, as no Inherent Wanton for your
Admiration in the Speculative; I have
no Foundation for a Legend, and the
two or three I have written
are all chiefly in the World; with-
out any Bulk of Fables, because I was not
to learn in the Law, as to move in De-
fence

A
DISCOURSE
UPON
COMEDY,

In Reference to the
English Stage.

In a Letter to a Friend.

WITH Submission, Sir, my Performance in the Practical Part of Poetry is no sufficient Warrant for your pressing me in the Speculative; I have no Foundation for a *Legislator*, and the two or three little *Plays* I have written, are cast carelessly into the World, without any Bulk of *Preface*, because I was not so learn'd in the Laws, as to move in Defence

fence of a bad Case. Why then shou'd a Compliment go farther with me, than my own Interest? Don't mistake me, Sir, here is nothing that cou'd make for my Advantage in either *Preface* or *Dedication*; no *Speculative Curiosities*, nor *Critical Remarks*; only some present Sentiments which Hazard, not Study, brings into my Head, without any preliminary *Method* or *Cogitation*.

Among the many Disadvantages attending Poetry, none seems to bear a greater Weight, than that so many set up for Judges, when so very few understand a tittle of the matter. Most of our other Arts and Sciences bear an awful Distance in their Prospect, or with a bold and glittering Varnish dazle the Eyes of the weak-sighted Vulgar. The *Divine* stands wrapt up in his Cloud of Mysteries, and the amus'd *Layety* must pay Tyths and Veneration to be kept in Obscurity, grounding their Hopes of future Knowledge on a Competent Stock of present Ignorance (in the greater part of the Christian World this is plain.) With what Defe-
 rence and Resignation does the bubbled *Client* commit his Fees and Cause into the Clutches of the *Law*, where Assurance beards Justice by *Prescription*, and the wrong side is never known to make

it's *Patron* blush. *Physick* and *Logick* are so strongly fortify'd by their impregnable Terms of Art, and the *Mathematician* lies so cunningly intrench'd within his *Lines* and *Circles*, that none but those of their Party dare peep into their puzzling Designs.

Thus the Generality of Mankind is held at a gazing Distance, whose Ignorance not presuming perhaps to an open Applause, is yet satisfy'd to pay a blind Veneration to the very Faults of what they don't understand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the *Dramma*, lies open to the Insults of all Pretenders; she was one of Nature's eldest Offsprings, whence by her Birthright and plain Simplicity she pleads a genuine Likeness to her Mother; born in the Innocence of Time, she provided not against the Assaults of succeeding Ages; and, depending altogether on the generous End of her Invention, neglected those secret Supports and serpentine Devices us'd by other Arts that wind themselves into Practice for more subtle and politick Designs: Naked she came into the Wold, and 'tis to be fear'd, like its Professors, will go naked out.

'Tis

'Tis a wonderful thing, that most Men seem to have a great Veneration for *Poetry*, yet will hardly allow a favourable Word to any Piece of it that they meet; like your Virtuoso's in Friendship, that are so ravish'd with the notional Nicety of the Vertue, that they can find no Person worth their intimate Acquaintance. The Favour of being whipt at School for *Martial's Epigrams*, or *Ovid's Epistles*, is sufficient Priviledge for turning Pedagogue, and lashing all their Successors; and it wou'd seem by the fury of their Correction, that the ends of the Rod were still in their Buttocks. The Scholar calls upon us for *Decorums* and *Oeconomy*; the Courtier crys out for *Wit* and *Purity of Stile*; the Citizen for *Humour* and *Ridicule*; the Divines threaten us for *Immodesty*; and the Ladies will have an *Intreague*. Now here are a multitude of Criticks, whereof the twentieth Person only has read *Quæ Genus*, and yet every one is a Critick after his own way; that is, Such a Play is best, because I like it. A very familiar Argument, methinks, to prove the Excellence of a Play, and to which an Author wou'd be very unwilling to appeal for his Success: Yet such is the unfortunate State of Dramatick Poetry,

try, that it must submit to such Judgments; and by the Censure or Approbation of such variety it must either stand or fall. But what *Salvo*, what Redress for this Inconvenience? Why, without all Dispute, an Author must endeavour to please that Part of the Audience, who can lay the best claim to a judicious and impartial Reflection: But before he begins, let him well consider to what Division that Claim do's most properly belong. The Scholar will be very angry at me for making that the Subject of a Question, which is self-evident without any Dispute: For, says he, who can pretend to understand Poetry better than we, who have read *Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c.* at the University? What Knowledge can outstrip ours, that is founded upon the Criticisms of *Aristotle, Scaliger, Vossius*, and the like? We are the better sort, and therefore may claim this as a due Compliment to our Learning; and if a Poet can please us, who are the nice and severe Criticks, he cannot fail to bring in the rest of an inferiour Rank.

I shou'd be very proud to own my Veneration for Learning, and to acknowledge any Complement due to the better sort upon that Foundation; but I'm afraid

fraid the Learning of the Better Sort is not confin'd to Colledge Studies, for there is such a thing as Reason without Silligism, Knowledge without *Aristotle*, and Languages besides Greek and Latin. We shall likewise find in the Court and City several Degrees, superiour to those at Commencements. From all which I must beg the Scholar's Pardon, for not paying him the Compliment of the better Sort, (as he calls it) and in the next Place, inquire into the Validity of his Title from his knowledge of *Criticism*, and the Course of his Studies.

I must first beg one favour of the Graduate—— Sir, here is a Pit full of *Covent-Garden* Gentlemen, a Gallery full of Cits, a hundred Ladies of Court-Education, and about two hundred Footmen of nice Morality, who having been unmercifully teiz'd with a parcel of foolish, impertinent, irregular Plays all this last Winter; make it their humble Request, that you wou'd oblige them with a Comedy of your own making, which they don't quuestion will give them Entertainment. O, Sir, replies the *Square Cap*, I have long commiserated the Condition of the English Audience, that has been forc'd to take up with such wretched Stuff, as lately has crouded the Stage; your

Jubilees and your *Fopingtons*, and such irregular impertinence, that no Man of Sense cou'd bear the perusal of 'em: I have long intended, out of pure pity to the Stage, to write a perfect Piece of this Nature; and now, since I am honour'd by the Commands of so many, my Intentions shall immediately be put in Practice.

So to work he goes; old *Aristotle*, *Scaliger*, with their Commentators, are lugg'd down from the high Shelf, and the Moths are dislodg'd from their Tenement of Years; *Horace*, *Vossius*, *Heinsius*, *Hedelin*, *Rapin*, with some half a Dozen more, are thumb'd and toss'd about, to teach the Gentleman, forsooth, to write a Comedy; and here is he furnish'd with *Unity of Action*, *Continuity of Action*, *Extent of Time*, *Preparation of Incidents*, *Episodes*, *Narrations*, *Deliberations*, *Didacticks*, *Patheticks*, *Monologues*, *Figures*, *Intervals*, *Catastrophes*, *Chorusses*, *Scenes*, *Machines*, *Decorations*, &c. a Stock sufficient to set up any Mountebank in *Christendom*; and if our new Author wou'd take an Opportunity of reading a Lecture upon his Play in these Terms, by the help of a *Zany*, and a Joynt-Stool, his Scenes might go off as well as the Doctors Packets; but the Misfortune of it is, he scorns all Application

plication to the Vulgar, and will please the better Sort, as he calls his own sort. Pursuant therefore to his Philosophical Dictates, he first chooses a single Plot, because most agreeable to the regularity of Criticism, no matter whether it affords Business enough for Diversion or Surprise. He wou'd not for the World introduce a Song or Dance, because his Play must be one intire Action. We must expect no Variety of Incidents, because the Exactness of his three Hours wont give him time for their Preparation. The Unity of Place admits no variety of Painting and Prospect, by which Mischance perhaps, we shall loose the only good Scenes in the Play. But no matter for that, this Play is a regular Play; this Play has been examin'd and approv'd by such and such Gentlemen, who are staunch Criticks and Masters of Art; and this Play I will have acted. Look'ee, Mr. Rich, you may venture to lay out a Hundred and fifty Pound for dressing this Play, for it was written by a great Scholar, and Fellow of a College.

Then a grave dogmatical Prologue is spoken, to instruct the Audience what shou'd please them; that this Play has a new and different Cut from the Farce they

see every Day that this Author writes after the manner of the *Ancients*, and here is a Piece according to the Model of the *Athenian Drama*. Very well! This goes off *Hum drum*, So, so. Then the Players go to work on a piece of hard knotty Stuff, where they can no more show their Art, than a Carpenter can upon a piece of Steel. Here is the Lamp and the Scholar in every Line, but not a Syllable of the Poet. Here is elaborate Language, Sounding Epithets, Flights of Words that strike the Clouds, whilst the poor Sense lags after like the Lanthorn in the Tail of the Kite, which appears only like a Star, while the Breath of the Players Lungs has Strength to bear it up in the Air.

But the Audience, willing perhaps to discover his ancient Model, and the *Athenian Drama*, are attentive to the first Act or two; but not finding a true Genius of Poetry, nor the natural Air of free Conversation; without any Regard to his Regularity, they betake themselves to other Work; not meeting the Diversion they expected on the Stage, they shift for themselves in the Pit, every one turns about to his Neighbour in a Mask, and for default of Entertainment now, they strike up for more diverting Scenes when the

the Play is done ; and tho' the Play be regular as *Aristotle*, and modest as Mr. *Collier* cou'd wish, yet it promotes more Lewdness in the Consequence, and procures more effectually for Intreague than any *Rover*, *Libertine*, or old *Batchelour* whatsoever. At last comes the Epilogue, which pleases the Audience very well, because it sends them away, and terminates the Fate of the Poet ; the *Patentees* rail at him, the Players Curse him, the Town damns him, and he may bury his Copy in *Pauls*, for not a Bookseller about it will put it in Print.

This familiar Account, Sir, I wou'd not have you charge to my Invention, for there are *Precedents* sufficient in the World to warrant it in every particular ; the Town has been often disappointed in those Critical Plays, and some Gentlemen that have been admir'd in their speculative Remarks, have been ridicul'd in the practick. All the Authorities, all the Rules of Antiquity have prov'd too weak to support the Theatre, whilst others who have dispenc'd with the Criticks, and taken a Latitude in the *OEconomy* of their Plays, have been the chief Supporters of the Stage, and the Ornament of the *Drama* ; this is so visibly true, that I need
bring

bring in no instances to enforce it ; but you say, Sir, 'tis a Paradox that has often puzzled your Understanding, and you lay your Commands upon me to solve it, if I can.

Looke, Sir, to add a Value to my Complaisance to you, I must tell you in the first Place, that I run as great a hazard in nibbling at this *Paradox of Poetry*, as *Luther* did by touching *Transubstantiation*, 'tis a Mistry that the World has sweetly slept in so long, that they take it very ill to be waken'd, especially being disturb'd of their rest, when there is no Business to be done. But I think that *Bellarmin* was once as *Orthodox* as *Aristotle*; and since the *German Doctor* has made a shift to hew down the *Cardinal*, I will have a tug with *ipse dixit*, tho' I dye for't.

But in the first Place, I must beg you, Sir, to lay aside your Superstitious Veneration for Antiquity, and the usual Expressions on that Score ; that the present Age is illiterate, or their taste is vitiated ; that we live in the decay of Time, and the Dotage of the World is fall'n to our Share----- 'Tis a mistake, Sir, the World was never more active or youthful, and true downright Sense was never more Universal than at this very Day ; 'tis nei-
ther

ther confin'd to one Nation in the World,
 nor to one part of a City, 'tis remarkable
 in *England* as well as *France*; and good ge-
 nuine Reason is nourish'd by the Cold of
Swedeland as by the Warmth of *Italy*, 'tis
 neither abdicated the Court with the late
 Reigns, nor expell'd the City with the
 Play-house Bills; you may find it in the
Grand-Jury at *Hick's Hall*, and upon the
 Bench sometimes among the Justices; then
 why shou'd we be hamper'd so in our O-
 pinions, as if all the Ruins of Antiquity
 lay so heavily on the Bones of us, that we
 cou'd not stir Hand nor Foot: No, no, Sir,
ipse dixit is remov'd long ago, and all the
 Rubbish of old Philosophy, that in a man-
 ner bury'd the Judgment of Mankind
 for many Centuries, is now carry'd off;
 the vast Tomes of *Aristotle* and his Com-
 mentators are all taken to pieces, and their
 Infallibility is lost with all Persons of a
 free and unprejudic'd Reason.

Then above all Men living, why shou'd
 the Poets be hoodwink'd at this rate; and
 by what Authority shou'd *Aristotle's* Rules
 of Poetry stand so fixt and immutable?
 Why, by the Authority of two Thousand
 Years standing, because thro' this long
 Revolution of time the World has still
 continu'd the same---By the Authority of
 their

their being receiv'd at *Athens*, a City, the very same with *London* in every particular; their Habits the same, their Humours alike, their publick Transactions and private Societies *Alamode France*; in short, so very much the same in every Circumstance, that *Aristotle's* Criticisms may give Rules to *Drury Lane*; the *Areopagus* give Judgment upon a Case in the *Kings Bench*, and old *Solon* shall give Laws to the *House of Commons*.

But to examine this Matter a little farther; all Arts and Professions are compounded of these two parts, a Speculative Knowledge, and a practical Use; and from an excellency in both these any Person is rais'd to Eminence and Authority in his Calling. The Lawyer has his Years of Student in the Speculative Part of his Business; and, when promoted to Bar, he falls upon the Practick, which is the Tryal of his Ability; without all dispute the great *Cook* has had many a tug at the Bar, before he cou'd raise himself to the Bench; and had made sufficiently evident his Knowledge of the Laws in his Pleadings before he was admitted to the Authority of giving Judgment upon the Case.

The Physician to gain Credit to his Prescriptions, must labour for a Reputation

tion in the Cure of such and such Distempers, and before he sets up for a *Galen* or *Hippocrates*, must make many Experiments upon his Patients. Philosophy itself, which is a Science the most abstract from Practice, has its publick Acts and Disputations; it is rais'd gradually, and its Professour commences Doctor by degrees; he has the Labour of maintaining Theses's, Methodising his Arguments, and clearing Objections; his Memory and Understanding is often puzzled by Oppositions couch'd in Fallacies and Sophisms, in solving all which he must make himself remarkable, before he pretends to impose his own Systems upon the World. Now if the Case be thus in Philosophy, or in any branch thereof, as in Ethicks, Physicks, which are call'd Sciences, what must be done in Poetry, that is denominated an Art, and consequently implies a Practice in its Perfection?

Is it reasonable that any Person that has never writ a Distich of Verses in his Life, shou'd set up for a Dictator in Poetry; and without the least Practice in his own Performance, must give Laws and Rules to that of others? Upon what Foundation is Poetry made so very cheap, and so easy a Task, by these Gentlemen?

an.

an excellent Poet is the single Production of an Age, when we have Crowds of Philosophers, Physicians, Lawyers Divines, every Day, and all of them competently famous in their Callings. In the two learned Commonwealths of *Rome* and *Athens*, there was but one *Virgil*, and one *Homer*, yet have we above a hundred *Philosophers* in each, and most part of 'em, forsooth, must have a touch at Poetry, drawing it into *Divisions*, *Subdivisions*, &c. when the Wit of 'em all set together, wou'd not amount to one of *Martial's Epigrams*.

Of all these I shall mention only *Aristotle*, the first and great Law-giver, in this Respect, and upon whom all that follow'd him are only Commentators. Among all the vast Tracts of this Voluminous Author, we don't find any Fragment of an Epick Poem, or the least Scene of a Play, to authorise his Skill and Excellence in that Art: Let it not be alledg'd, that for ought we know he was an excellent Poet, but his more serious Studies wou'd not let him enter upon Affairs of this Nature; for every Body knows, that *Aristotle* was no *Cinick*, but liv'd in the Splendour and Air of the Court, that he lov'd Riches as much as others of that Station; and being

ing sufficiently acquainted with his Pupil's Affection to Poetry, and his Complaint that he wanted an *Homer* to aggrandize his Actions, he wou'd never have flipt such an Opportunity of farther ingratiating himself in the King's Favour, had he been conscious of any Abilities in himself, for such an Undertaking; and having a more noble and copious Theme in the exploits of *Alexander*, than what inspir'd the blind Bard in his Hero *Achilles*. If his Epistles to *Alexander* were always answer'd with a considerable Present, what might he have expected from a Work like *Homer's* upon so great a Subject; dedicated to so mighty a Prince, whose greatest Fault was his vain Glory, and that took such Pains to be Deify'd among Men.

It may be objected, that all the Works of *Aristotle* are not recover'd; and among those that are lost, some Essays of this kind might have perish'd. This Supposition is too weakly founded; for altho' the Works themselves might have escap'd us, 'tis more than probable that some Hint or other, either in the Life of the Conquerour, or Philosopher, might appear, to convince us of such a Production: Besides, as 'tis beliv'd, he writ *Philosophy*

phy, because we have his Books; so, I dare swear, he writ no *Poetry*, because none is extant, nor any mention made thereof that ever I cou'd hear of.

But stay-----Without any farther enquiry into the Poetry of *Aristotle*, his Ability that way is sufficiently apparent by that excellent Piece he has left behind him upon that Subject-----By your Favour, Sir, this is *Petitio Principii*, or, in plain English, give me the Sword in my own Hand, and I'll fight with you---Have but a little Patience till I make a Flourish or two, and then, if you are pleas'd to demand it, I'll grant you that and every thing else.

How easy were it for me to take one of Doctor *Tillotson's* Sermons, and out of the *OEconomy* of one of these Discourses, trump you up a Pamphlet, and call it, *The Art of Preaching*. In the first Place I must take a *Text*, and here I must be very learn'd upon the Etymology of this Word *Text*; then this *Text* must be divided into such and such *Partitions*, which *Partitions* must have their hard Names and *Derivations*; then these must be Spun into *Subdivisions*; and these back'd by Proofs of Scripture, *Ratiocinatio Oratoris*, *Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum*; and, *Authoritas Patrum*

Patrum Ecclesiae, with some Rules and Directions how these ought to be manag'd and apply'd ; and closing up this difficult Pedantry with the *Dimensions of Time* for such an Occasion ; you will pay me the Compliment of an excellent Preacher, and affirm, that any Sermon whatsoever, either by a *Presbiter* at *Geneva*, or *Jesuit* in *Spain*, that deviates from these Rules, deserves to be hilt, and the Priest kick'd out of his Pulpit. I must doubt your Complaisance in this point, Sir ; for you know the Forms of Eloquence are divers, and ought to be suited to the different Humour and Capacities of an Audience ; you are sensible, Sir, that the fiery Cholerick Humour of one Nation must be entertain'd and mov'd by other Means than the heavy flegmatick Complexion of another ; and I have observed in my little Travels, that a Sermon of three quarters of an Hour, that might please the Congregation at *St. James's*, wou'd never satisfy the Meeting House in the *City*, where People expect more for their Money ; and having more Temptations of Roguery, must have a larger Portion of Instruction.

Be pleas'd to hear another Instance of a different kind, tho' to the same Purpose. I go down to *Woollich*, and there, upon

a Piece of Paper I take the Dimensions of the *Royal Sovereign*, and from hence I frame a Model of a *Man of War* ; I divide the Ship into three principal Parts, the *Keel*, the *Hull*, and the *Rigging* ; I subdivide these into their proper Denominations, and by the help of a Saylor, give you all the Terms belonging to every Rope, and every Office in the whole Ship: Will you from hence infer, that I am an excellent Shipwright, and that this Model is proper for a *Trading Junck* upon the *Volga*, or a *Venetian Galley* in the *Adriatick* Sea ?

But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel Case ; because that *Aristotle's Ars Poetica* was never drawn from such flight Observations, but was the pure effect of his immense Reason, thro' a nice Inspection into the very Bottom and Foundation of Nature.

To this I answer, That Verity is eternal, as that the Truth of two and two making four was as certain in the Days of *Adam* as it is now ; and that, according to his own Position, Nature is the same *apud omnes Gentes*. Now if his Rules of Poetry were drawn from certain and immutable Principles, and fix'd on the Basis of Nature ; why shou'd not his *Ars Poetica* be as efficacious now, as it was two Thousand

land Years ago? And why shou'd not a single Plot, with perfect Unity of Time and Place, do as well at *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, as at the Play-house in *Athens*. No, no, Sir, I am apt to believe that the Philosopher took no such Pains in Poetry as you imagine. The *Greek* was his Mother Tongue, and *Homer* was read with as much Veneration among the School-boys, as we learn our *Catechism*: Then where was the great Business for a Person so expert in Mood and Figure, as *Aristotle* was, to range into some Order a parcel of Terms of Art, drawn from his Observation upon the *Iliads*, and these to call the Model of an *Epick Poem*. Here, Sir, you may imagine, that I am caught; and have all this while been spinning a Thread to strangle my self; one of my main Objections against *Aristotle's Criticisms*, is drawn from his Non-performance in Poetry. And now I affirm, that his Rules are extracted from the greatest Poet that ever liv'd, which gives the utmost Validity to the Precept, and that is all we contend for.

Look ye, Sir; I lay it down only for a Supposition, that *Aristotle's* Rules for an Epick Poem were extracted from *Homer's Iliads*; and if a Supposition has weigh'd

me down, I have two or three more of an equal Ballance to turn the Scale.

The great Esteem of *Alexander* the great for the Works of old *Homer*, is sufficiently testify'd by Antiquity; in-
somuch that he always slept with the *Iliads* under his Pillow: Of this *Stagirite* to be sure was not ignorant; and what more proper Way of making his Court cou'd a Man of Letters Devise, than by saying something in Commendation of the King's Favourite? A Copy of Commendatory Verses was too mean, and perhaps out of his Element. Then something he wou'd do in his own way; a Book must be made of the Art of Poetry, wherein *Homer* is prov'd a Poet by Mood and Figure, and his Perfection transmitted to Poesterity; and if Prince *Arthur* had been in the Place of the *Iliads*, we shou'd have had other Rules for Epick Poetry, and Doctor *B---re* had carry'd the *Bays* from *Homer*, in spight of all the Criticks in Christendom; but whether *Aristotle* writ those Rules to Complement his Pupil, or whether he wou'd make a Stoop at Poetry, to show that there was no Knowledge beyond the flight of his Genius, there is no Reason to allow that *Homer* compil'd his Heroick Poem by those very Rules which

Aristotle

Aristotle has laid down: For granting that *Aristotle* might pick such and such Observations from this Piece; they might be meer Accidents resulting casually from the Composition of the Work, and not any of the essential Principles of the Poem. How usual is it for Criticks to find out Faults, and create Beauties, which the Authors never intended for such; and how frequently do we find Authors run down in those very parts, which they design'd for the greatest Ornament. How natural is it for aspiring ambitious Schoolmen to attempt matters of the highest Reach; the wonderful Creation of the World, (which nothing but the Almighty Power that order'd it, can describe) is brought into Mood and Figure by the arrogance of *Philosophy*. But till I can believe that the Vertigo's of *Cartesius*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus* can determine the almighty *Fiat*, they must give me leave to question the Infallibility of their Rules in respect of Poetry.

Had *Homer* himself by the same Inspiration that he writ his Poem, left us any Rules for such a Performance, all the World must have own'd it for Authentick. But he was too much a Poet to give Rules to that, whose excellence he knew

consisted in a free and unlimited Flight of Imagination; and to describe the Spirit of Poetry, which alone is the *True Art of Poetry*, he knew to be as impossible, as for humane Reason to teach the gift of Prophecy by a Definition.

Neither is *Aristotle* to be allow'd any farther Knowledge in Dramatick than in *Epick Poetry*; *Euripides*, whom he seems to Compliment by Rules adapted to the Model of his Plays, was either his Contemporary, or liv'd but a little before him; he was not insensible how much this Author was the darling of the City; as appear'd by the prodigious Expence disburs'd by the publick for the Ornament of his Plays; and 'tis probable, he might take this Opportunity of improving his Interest with the People, indulging their Inclination by refining upon the Beauty of what they admir'd. And besides all this, the Severity of *Dramatick* Rage was so fresh in his Memory in the hard Usage that his Brother *Soph* not long before met with upon the Stage, that it was convenient to humour the reigning Wit, least a second *Aristophanes* should take him to Task with as little Mercy as poor *Socrates* found at the Hands of the first.

went to the
beside

I have talk'd so long to lay a Foundation for these following Conclusions; *Aristotle* was no Poet, and consequently not capable of giving Instructions in the Art of Poetry; his *Ars Poetica* are only some Observations drawn from the Works of *Homer* and *Euripedes*, which may be meer Accidents resulting casually from the Composition of the Works, and not any of the essential Principles on which they are compil'd. That without giving himself the Trouble of searching into the Nature of Poetry, he has only complemented the Heroes of Wit and Valour of his Age, by joining with them in their Approbation; with this Difference, that their Applause was plain, and his more Scholastick.

But to leave these only as Suppositions to be relish'd by every Man at his Pleasure, I shall without complementing any Author, either Ancient or Modern, inquire into the first Invention of Comedy; what were the true Designs and honest Intentions of that Art; and from a Knowledge of the *End*, seek out the *Means*, without one Quotation of *Aristotle*, or Authority of *Euripides*.

In all Productions either Divine or Humane, the final Cause is the first Mover, be-

cause the End or Intention of any rational Action must first be consider'd, before the material or efficient Causes are put in Execution. Now to determine the final Cause of Comedy we must run back beyond the material and formal Agents, and take it in its very Infancy, or rather in the very first Act of its Generation, when its primary Parent, by proposing such or such an End of his Labour, laid down the first Scetches or Shadows of the Piece. Now as all Arts and Sciences have their first rise from a final Cause, so 'tis certain that they have grown from very small beginnings, and that the current of time has swell'd 'em to such a Bulk, that no Body can find the Fountain, by any Proportion between the Head and the Body; this, with the Corruption of time, which has debauch'd things from their primitive Innocence, to selfish Designs and Purposes, renders it difficult to find the Origin of any Offspring so very unlike its Parent.

This is not only the Case of Comedy, as it stands at present, but the Condition also of the ancient Theatres, when great Men made Shows of this Nature a rising Step to their Ambition, mixing many lewd and lascivious Representations to gain the Favour of the Populace, to
whose

whose Taste and Entertainment the Plays were chiefly adopted. We must therefore go higher than either *Aristophanes*, or *Menander*, to discover Comedy in its primitive Institution, if we wou'd draw any moral Design of its Invention to warrant and authorise its Continuance.

I have already mention'd the difficulty of discovering the Invention of any Art in the different Figure it makes by Succession of Improvements; but there is something in the Nature of Comedy, even in its present Circumstances, that bears so great a Resemblance to the Philosophical *Mythology* of the Ancients, that old *Æsop* must wear the Bays as the first and original Author; and whatever Alterations or Improvements farther Application may have subjoin'd, his *Fables* gave the first Rise and Occasion.

Comedy is no more at present than a well-fram'd Tale handsomly told, as an agreeable Vehicle for Counsel or Reproof. This is all we can say for the Credit of its Institution; and is the Stress of its Charter for Liberty and Toleration. Then where shou'd we seek for a Foundation, but in *Æsop's* symbolical way of moralizing upon Tales and Fables, with this difference, That his Stories were shorter than ours:
He

He had his Tyrant *Lyon*, his Statesman *Fox*, his Beau *Magpy*, his coward *Hare*, his Bravo *Afs*, and his Buffoon *Ape*, with all the Characters that crowd our Stages every Day, with this Distinction nevertheless, That *Æsop* made his Beasts speak good *Greek*, and our Heroes sometimes can't talk *English*.

But whatever difference time has produced in the Form, we must in our own Defence stick to the *End*, and Intention of his *Fables*. *Utile Dulci* was his Motto, and must be our Business; we have no other Defence against the Presentment of the *Grand Jury*, and for ought I know it might prove a good means to mollify the Rigour of that Persecution, to inform the Inquisitors, that the great *Æsop* was the first Inventor of these poor Comedies that they are prosecuting with so much Eagerness and Fury, that the first *Laureat* was as just, as prudent, as pious, as reforming, and as ugly as any of themselves. And that the Beasts which are lug'd upon the Stage by the Horns are not caught in the City, as they suppose, but brought out of *Æsop's* own Forrest. We shou'd inform them besides, that those very Tales and Fables which they apprehend as obstacles to Reformation, were the main Instruments

Instruments and Machines us'd by the wise
Æsop for its Propagation ; and as he
 would improve Men by the Policy of
 Beasts, so we endeavour to reform Brutes
 with the Examples of Men. *Fondlewife*
 and his young Spouse are no more than
 the *Eagle* and *Cockle* ; he wanted Teeth to
 break the Shell himself, so somebody else
 run away with the Meat,---The Fox in
 the Play, is the same with the Fox in the
 Fable, who stult his Guts so full, that he
 cou'd not get out at the same Hole he
 came in ; so both *Reynards* being Delin-
 quents alike, come to be truss'd up toge-
 ther. Here are Precepts, Admonitions,
 and Salutary *Innuendo's* for the ordering
 of our Lives and Conversations couch'd
 in these *Allegories* and *Allusions*. The
 Wisdom of the Ancients was wrapt up in
 Veils and Figures ; the *Ægyptian Hierogli-
 phicks*, and the History of the Heathen
 Gods are nothing else ; but if these pa-
 gan Authorities give Offence to their scru-
 pulous Consciences ; let them but consult
 the Tales and Parables of our *Saviour* in
 holy Writ, and they may find this way
 of Instruction to be much more Christian
 than they imagine ; *Nathan's* Fable of
 the poor Man's Lamb had more Influence
 on the Conscience of *David*, than any
 force

force of downright Admonition. So that by ancient Practice, and modern Example, by the Authority of Pagans, Jews, and Christians, the World is furnish'd with this so sure, so pleasant, and expedient an Art, of schooling Mankind into better Manners. Now here is the primary Design of Comedy, illustrated from its first Institution ; and the same end is equally alledg'd for its daily Practice and Continuance.---Then without all Dispute, whatever means are most proper and expedient for compassing this End and Intention, they must be the *just Rules of Comedy*, and the *true Art of the Stage*.

We must consider then, in the first place, that our Business lies not with a *French* or a *Spanish* Audience ; that our Design is not to hold forth to ancient *Greece*, nor to moralize upon the Vices and Defaults of the *Roman* Commonwealth : No, no---An English Play is intended for the Use and Instruction of an English Audience, a People not only separated from the rest of the World by Situation, but different also from other Nations as well in the Complexion and Temperament of the Natural Body, as in the Constitution of our Body Politick : As we are a Mixture of many Nations, so we
have

have the most unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of any People upon Earth ; these Humours produce Variety of Follies, some of 'um unknown to former Ages ; these new Distempers must have new Remedies, which are nothing but new Counsels and Instructions.

Now, Sir, if our *Utile*, which is the End, be different from the Ancients, pray let our *Dulce*, which is the Means, be so too ; for you know that to different Towns there are different ways ; or if you wou'd have it more Scholastically, *ad diversos fines non idem conducit medium* ; or Mathematically, One and the same Line cannot terminate in two Centers. But waving this manner of concluding by Induction, I shall gain my Point a nearer way, and draw it immediately from the first Principle I set down : *That we have the most unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of any Nation upon Earth* ; and this is demonstrable from common Experience : We shall find a *Wildair* in one Corner, and a *Morose* in another ; nay, the space of an Hour or two shall create such Vicissitudes of Temper in the same Person, that he can hardly be taken for the same Man. We shall have a Fellow bestir his Stumps from *Chocolate* to *Coffee-*

Coffee-House with all the Joy and Gayety imaginable, tho he want a Shilling to pay for a Hack; whilst another, drawn about in a Coach and Six, is eaten up with the Spleen, and shall loll in State, with as much Melancholy, Vexation, and Discontent, as if he were making the *Tour of Tyburn*. Then what sort of a *Dulce*, (which I take for the Pleasantry of the Tale; or the Plot of the Play) must a Man make use of to engage the Attention of so many different Humours and Inclinations: Will a single Plot satisfy every body? Will the Turns and Surprizes that may result naturally from the ancient Limits of Time, be sufficient to rip open the Spleen of some, and Physick the Melancholy of others, screw up the Attention of a Rover, and fix him to the Stage, in spite of his Volatile Temper, and the Temptation of a Mask? To make the Moral Instructive, you must make the Story diverting; the Spleenatick Wit, the Beau Courtier, the heavy Citizen, the fine Lady, and her fine Footman, come all to be instructed, and therefore must all be diverted; and he that can do this best, and with most Applause, writes the best Comedy, let him do it by what Rules he pleases, so they

they be not offensive to Religion and good Manners.

But *hic labor, hoc opus*, How must this Secret of pleasing so many different Tastes be discovered? Not by tumbling over Volumes of the Ancients, but by studying the Humour of the Moderns: The Rules of English Comedy don't lie in the Compass of *Aristotle*, or his Followers, but in the Pit, Box, and Galleries. And to examine into the Humour of an English Audience, let us see by what means our own English Poets have succeeded in this Point. To determine a Suit at Law we don't look into the Archives of *Greece* or *Rome*, but inspect the Reports of our own Lawyers, and the Acts and Statutes of our *Parliaments*; and by the same Rule we have nothing to do with the Models of *Menander* or *Plautus*, but must consult *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, and others, who by Methods much different from the Ancients, have supported the English Stage, and made themselves famous to Posterity: We shall find that these Gentlemen have fairly dispenc'd with the greatest part of Critical Formalities; the Decorums of Time and Place, so much cry'd up of late, had no force of Decorum with them; the *Æconomy* of their
Plays

Plays was *ad libitum*, and the Extent of their Plots only limited by the Convenience of Action. I wou'd willingly understand the Regularities of *Hamlet*, *Mackbeth*, *Harry the fourth*, and of *Fletcher's* Plays; and yet these have long been the Darlings of the English Audience, and are like to continue with the same Applause, in Defiance of all the Criticisms that ever were publish'd in *Greek*, and *Latin*.

But are there no Rules, no Decorums to be observ'd in Comedy? Must we make the Condition of the English Stage a State of Anarchy? No, Sir----For there are Extrems in Irregularity, as dangerous to an Author, as too scrupulous a Deference to Criticism; and as I have given you an Instance of one; so I shall present you an Example of the t'other.

There are a sort of Gentlemen that have had the Jaunty Education of Dancing, French, and a Fiddle, who coming to Age before they arrive at Years of Discretion, make a shift to spend a handsome Patrimony of two or three Thousand Pound, by soaking in the Tavern all Night, lolling A-bed all the Morning, and sauntering away all the Evening between the two Play-houses with their Hands in their Pockets:

Pockets ; you shall have a Gentleman of this size upon his Knowledge of *Covent-Garden*, and a knack of witticising in his Cups, set up immediately for a Playwright. But besides the Gentleman's Wit and Experience, here is another Motive : There are a parcel of saucy impudent Fellows about the Play-house, call'd Door-keepers, that can't let a Gentleman see a Play in Peace, without jogging, and nudging him every Minute. *Sir, will you please to pay-----Sir, the Act's done, will you please to pay, Sir.* I have broke their Heads all round two or three times, yet the Puppies will still be troublesome. Before gad, I'll be plagued with 'em no longer ; I'll e'en write a Play my self ; by which means, my Character of Wit shall be establish'd, I shall enjoy the Freedom of the House, and to pin up the Basket, pretty Miss----- shall have the Profits of my third Night for her Maidenhead. Thus we see, what a great Blessing is a Coming Girl to a Play-house : Here is a Poet sprung from the Tail of an Actress, like *Minerva* from *Jupiter's* Head. But my Spark proceeds----- My own Intreagues are sufficient to found the Plot, and the Devil's in't, if I can't make my Character talk as wittily as those

those in the *Trip to the Jubilee*--- But stay---what shall I call it first? Let me see---*The Rival Theatres*---Very good, by gad, because I reckon the Two Houses will have a Contest about this very Play--- Thus having found a Name for his Play, in the next place he makes a Play to his name, and thus he begins.

ACT I. Scene *Covent-Garden.* Enter *Portico, Piazza and Turnstile.*

Here you must note, that *Portico* being a compound of Practical Rake, and Speculative Gentleman, is ten to one, the Author's own Character, and the leading Card in the Pack. *Piazza* is his Mistress, who lives in the Square, and is Daughter to old *Pillariso*, an odd out-o'-the-way Gentleman, something between the Character of *Alexander the Great*, and *Solon*, which must please, because it is new.

Turnstile is Maid and Confident to *Piazza*, who for a Bribe of ten Pieces, lets *Portico* in at the Back-door; so the first Act concludes.

In the second Enter *Spigotoso*, who was Butler perhaps to the *Czar of Muscovy*, and *Fossetana* his Wife; after these Characters

acters are run dry, he brings you in at the third Act, *Whinewell*, and *Charmarillis* for a Scene of Love to please the Ladies; and so he goes on without Fear or Wit, till he comes to a Marriage or two, and then he writes----*Finis*.

'Tis then whisper'd among his Friends at *Will's* and *Hippolito's*, That Mr. *such a one* has writ a very pretty Comedy; and some of 'em to encourage the young Author, equip him presently with *Prologue* and *Epilogue*; then the Play is sent to Mr. *Rich* or Mr. *Betterton* in a fair legible Hand, with the Recommendation of some Gentleman that passes for a Man of Parts, and a Critick; In short, the Gentleman's Interest has the Play acted, and the Gentleman's Interest makes a Present to pretty Miss---- she's made his Whore, and the Stage his Cully, that for the loss of a Month in Rehearsing, and a Hundred Pound in Dressing a confounded Play, must give the Liberty of the House to him and his Friends for ever after.

Now such a Play may be written with all the Exactness imaginable in respect of Unity in Time and Place; but if you inquire its Character of any Person, tho' of the meanest Understanding of the whole Audience, he will tell you 'tis in-

tollerable Stuff ; and upon your demanding his Reasons, his Answer is, *I don't like it.* His Humour is the only Rule that he can Judge a Comedy by ; but you find that meer Nature is offended with some Irregularities ; and tho' he be not so learn'd in the Dramma, to give you an Inventory of the Faults, yet I can tell you, that one part of the Plot had no Dependance upon another, which made this simple Man drop his Attention and Concern for the Event, and so disengaging his Thoughts from the Business of the Action, he sat there very uneasy, thought the time very tedious, because he had nothing to do. The Characters were so unchoherent in themselves, and compos'd of such Variety of Absurdities, that in his Knowledge of Nature he cou'd find no Original for such a Copy ; and being therefore unacquainted with any Folly they reprov'd, or any Vertue that they recommended ; their Business was as flat and tiresome to him, as if the Actors had talk'd *Arabick*.

Now these are the material Irregularities of a Play, and these are the Faults, which downright Mother-Sense can censure and be offended at, as much as the most learn'd Critick in the Pit. And altho'

altho' the one cannot give me the Reasons of his Approbation or Dislike, yet I will take his Word for the Credit or Disrepute of a Comedy, sooner perhaps than the Opinion of some *Virtuoso's*; for there are some Gentlemen that have fortify'd their Spleen so impreguably with Criticism, and hold out so stiffly against all Attacks of Plesantry, that the most powerful Efforts of Wit and Humour cannot make the least Impression. What a Misfortune is it to these Gentlemen to be Natives of such an ignorant, self will'd, impertinent Island, where let a Critick and a Scholar find never so many Irregularities in a Play, yet five hundred saucy People will give him the Lie to his Face, and come to see this wicked Play Forty or Fifty times in a Year. But this *Vox Populi* is the Devil, tho' in a Place of more Authority than *Aristotle*, it is call'd *Vox Dei*. Here is a Play with a Vengeance, (says a Critick) to bring the Transaction of a Years time into the Compass of three Hours; to carry the whole Audience with him from one Kingdom to another, by the changing of a Scene: Where's the Probability, nay, the Possibility of all this; the Devil's in the Poet's
 L 3 sure,

sure, he don't think to put Contradictions upon us?

Looke, Sir, don't be in a Passion, the Poet does not impose Contradictions upon you, because he has told you no Lie; for that only is a Lie which is related with some fallacious Intention that you should believe it for a Truth; now the Poet expects no more that you should believe the Plot of his Play, than old *Æsop* design'd the World shou'd think his *Eagle* and *Lyon* talk'd like you and I; which I think was every Jot as improbable, as what you quarrel with; and yet the Fables took, and I'll be hang'd if you your self don't like 'em. But besides, Sir, if you are so inveterate against improbabilities, you must never come near the Play-House at all; for there are several Improbabilities, nay, Impossibilities, that all the Criticisms in Nature cannot correct; as for instance; In the part of *Alexander* the Great, to be affected with the Transactions of the Play, we must suppose that we see that great Conquerour, after all his Triumphs, shunn'd by the Woman he loves, and importun'd by her he hates; cross'd in his Cups and Jollity by his own Subjects, and at last miserably

miserably ending his Life in a raging Madness ; we must suppose that we see the very *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*, in all these unhappy Circumstances, else we are not touch'd by the Moral, which represents to us the uneasiness of Humane Life in the greatest State, and the Instability of Fortune in respect of worldly Pomp. Yet the whole Audience at the same time knows that this is Mr *Betterton*, who is strutting upon the Stage, and tearing his Lungs for a Livelihood. And that the same Person shou'd be Mr. *Betterton*, and *Alexander* the Great, at the same time, is somewhat like an Impossibility, in my Mind. Yet you must grant this Impossibility in spite of your Teeth, if you han't Power to raise the old Heroe from the Grave to act his own Part.

Now for another Impossibility ; the less rigid Criticks allow to a Comedy the space of an artificial Day, or Twenty Four Hours ; but those of the thorough Reformation, will confine it to the natural or Solar Day, which is but half the time. Now admitting this for a Decorum absolutely requisite : This Play begins when it is exactly Six by your Watch,

and ends precisely at Nine; which is the usual time of the Representation. Now is it feasible in *rerum Natura*, that the same Space or Extent of Time can be three Hours, by your Watch, and twelve Hours upon the Stage, admitting the same Number of Minutes, or the same Measure of Sand to both. I'm afraid, Sir, you must allow this for an Impossibility too; and you may with as much Reason allow the Play the Extent of a whole Year; and if you grant me a Year, you may give me Seven, and so to a Thousand. For that a Thousand Years shou'd come within the Compass of three Hours is no more an Impossibility, than that two Minutes shou'd be contain'd in one. *Nul- lum minus continet in se majus*, is equally applicable to both.

So much for the Decorum of *Time*; now for the Regularity of *Place*. I might make the one a Consequence of t'other, and alledge, That by allowing me any Extent of Time, you must grant me any Change of Place; for the one depends upon t'other; and having five or six Years for the Action of a Play, I may travel from *Constantinople* to *Den- mark*, so to *France*, and home to *Eng- land*

land, and rest long enough in each Country besides: But you'll say, How can you carry us with you? Very easily, Sir, if you be willing to go? As for Example: Here is a New Play, the House is throng'd, the Prologue's spoken, and the Curtain drawn represents you the Scene of *Grand Cairo*. Whereabouts are you now, Sir? Were not you the very Minute before in the Pit in the English Play-house talking to a Wench, and now *Presto pass*, you are spirited away to the Banks of the River *Nile*. Surely, Sir, this is a most intolerable Improbability; yet this you must allow me, or else you destroy the very Constitution of Representation: Then in the second Act, with a Flourish of the Fiddles, I change the Scene to *Astrachan*. O this is intolerable! Look'ee Sir, 'tis not a Jot more intolerable than the other; for you'll find that 'tis much about the same distance between *Egypt* and *Astrachan*, as it is between *Drury-Lane* and *Grand Cairo*; and if you please to let your Fancy take Post, it will perform the Journey in the same moment of Time, without any Disturbance in the World to your Person. You can follow *Quintus Curtius* all over *Asia* in the
Train

Train of *Alexander*; and trudge after *Hannibal* like a *Cadet* through all *Italy*, *Spain*, and *Africk*, in the space of Four or Five Hours; yet the Devil a one of you will stir a Step over the Threshold for the best Poet in Christendom, tho he make it his Business to make Heroes more amiable, and to surprize you with more wonderful Accidents and Events.

I am as little a Friend to those rambling Plays as any body, nor have I ever espous'd their Party by my own Practice; yet I cou'd not forbear saying something in Vindication of the great *Shakespear*, whom every little Fellow that can form an *Aristus primus* will presume to condemn for Indecorums and Absurdities; Sparks that are so spruce upon their Greek and Latin, that, like our Fops in Travel, they can relish nothing but what is Foreign, to let the World know, they have been abroad forsooth: but it must be so, because *Aristotle* said it; now I say it must be otherwise because *Shakespear* said it, and I'm sure that *Shakespear* was the greater Poet of the two. But you'll say that *Aristotle* was the greater Critick----- That's a mistake, Sir, for Criticism in Poetry, is no more than Judgment

ment in Poetry ; which you will find in your Lexicon. Now if *Shakespear* was the better Poet, he must have the most Judgment in his Art ; for every Body knows, that Judgment is an Essential part of Poetry, and without it no Writer is worth a Farthing. But to stoop to the Authority of either, without consulting the Reason of the Consequence, is an Abuse to a Man's Understanding ; and neither the Precept of the Philosopher, nor Example of the Poet, shou'd go down with me, without examining the Weight of their Assertions. We can expect no more Decorum or Regularity in any Business, than the Nature of the thing will bear ; now if the Stage cannot subsist without the Strength of Supposition, and Force of Fancy in the Audience ; why shou'd a Poet fetter the Business of his Plot, and starve his Action, for the nicety of an Hour, or the Change of a Scene ; since the Thought of Man can fly over a thousand Years with the same Ease, and in the same Instant of Time, that your Eye glances from the Figure of Six, to Seven, on the Dial-Plate ; and can glide from the Cape of Good-Hope to the Bay of *St. Nicholas*, which is quite cross the World

World, with the same Quickness and Activity, as between *Covent-Garden Church*, and *Will's Coffee-House*. Then I must beg of these Gentlemen to let our old English Authors alone---- If they have left Vice unpunish'd, Vertue unrewarded, Folly unexpos'd, or Prudence unsuccessful, the Contrary of which is the *Utile* of Comedy, let them be lash'd to some purpose; if any part of their Plots have been independant of the rest; or any of their Characters forc'd or unnatural; which destroys the *Dulce* of Plays, let them be hiss'd off the Stage: But if by a true Decorum in these material Points, they have writ successfully, and answer'd the end of Dramatick Poetry in every Respect, let them rest in Peace, and their Memories enjoy the Encomiums due to their Merit, without any Reflection for waving those Niceties, which are neither instructive to the World, nor diverting to Mankind; but are like all the rest of Critical Learning, fit only to set People together by the Ears in ridiculous Controversies, that are not one Jot material to the Good of the Publick, whether they be true or false.

And

And thus you see, Sir, I have concluded a very unnecessary Piece of Work, which is much too long, if you don't like it; but let it happen any way, be assur'd, that I intended to please you, which shou'd partly excuse,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.

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	Love makes a Man, or the Fops Fortune.
	Albion and Albianus.
	Amphitriton.
	Love's Last Shift.
	Antiochus.

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